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WEEKLY**

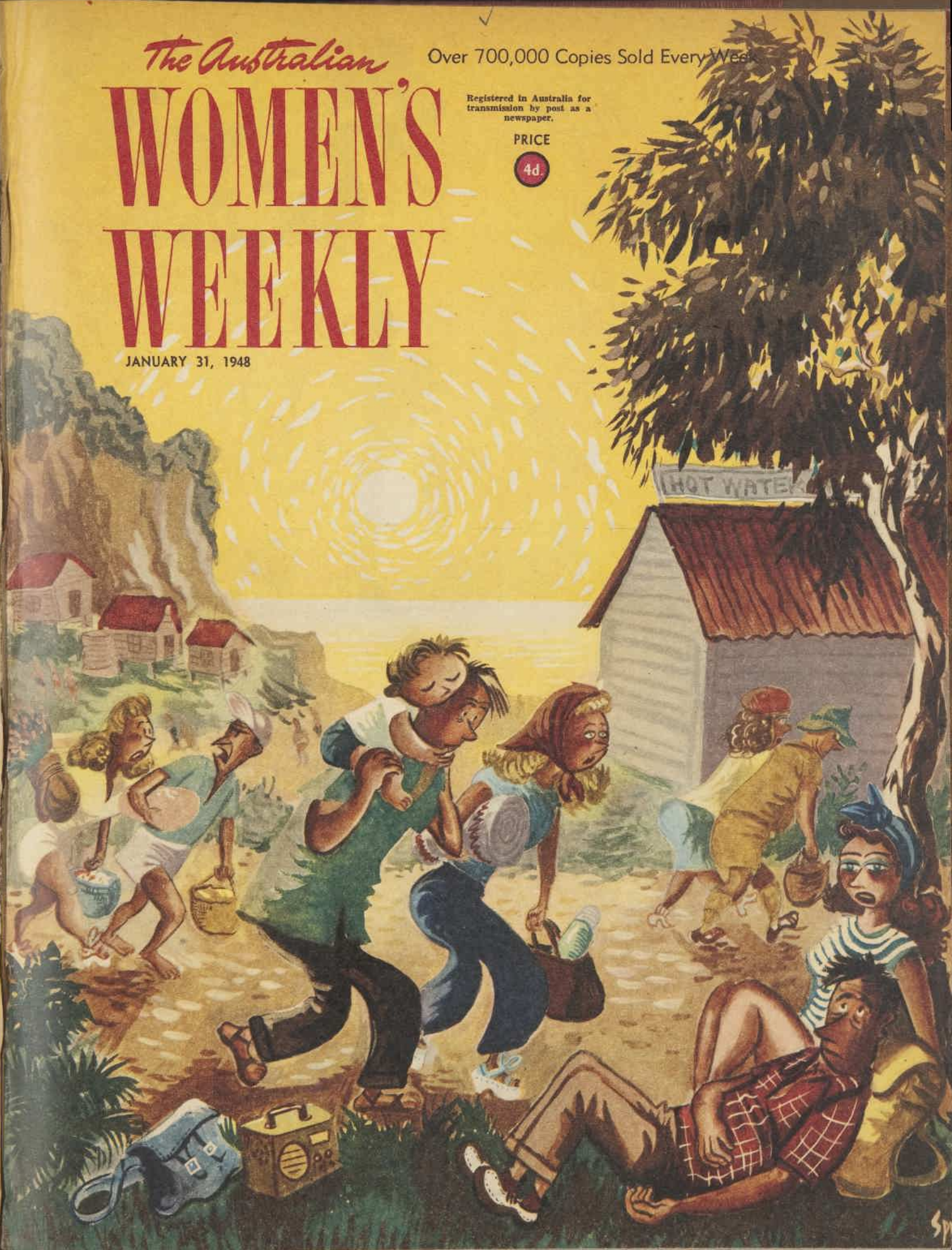
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DEVIL IN SPRING

By JUDITH L. DREW

THE Devil swung his cane and walked jauntily along Piccadilly, a gay smile curving his sardonic mouth. Naturally, there was no sign of austerity about him. His Savile Row suit was of impeccable cut and pre-war quality, and there was no shine anywhere about his apparel to vie with that of his discreetly expensive shoes.

His figure was elegant yet vigorous, and though a close look at those strangely gleaming dark eyes might have been a little chilling, the cast of his handsome features was so amused and amiable that no one would have guessed his true identity.

The Devil had always had an affection for the purlieus of London society, particularly on a day such as this when the numbing, lacerating cold was suddenly discredited by a burst of wintry sunshine which drew women's faces more eagerly and wistfully to the shop windows.

His reason for his visit to Mayfair in this year of grace (or should it be disgrace?) 1948 was one which afforded him a little discomfiture. The truth was, his recent venture with the destinies of a mad and squalid house painter from Bavaria, and more obese Germans with equally repellent names, had got completely out of hand and followed an impetus all its own.

The whole business had shaken considerably his faith in his own powers of control. He felt his self-confidence deserved to be regained by one of those airily subtle, and comparatively unimportant, little hazards which he found more artistically satisfying, and for which the spring invariably found him willing victims.

So, with spring almost ready to burst upon the earth, he decided to adopt his most gay, insouciant mood and visit it, and well, here he was. And, really, he thought, as he caught sight of his reflection in a shop window, he couldn't have chosen a more attractive guise.

He strolled into a shop and bought a flower for his buttonhole. Now he was ready for his amusement, so he turned into Berkeley Square to look for it.

The small black and white painted door with the heavy chromium knocker closed discreetly behind Mary Chester as she stood on the top white step drawing on her gloves with a sober reflective air about her, which was really occasioned by a strong sense of guilt. Behind the black and white door and up a scarlet carpeted staircase was the quiet sanctum which housed the airy substance of Senor Juan's dreams.

Juan's dreams were hats, and his hats were most women's dreams. Mary Chester had just handed a cheque for fifteen guineas to one of Senor Juan's minions in return for two white ostrich feathers and a scrap of black velvet which now adorned her chestnut head.

She continued to play with her gloves, wondering if she were quite strong enough to walk down the four steps in front of her. She took the first step rather gingerly, and then the vision of a cheque for fifteen guineas, signed with her own signature, rushed into her mind and she stopped again to steady herself.

It was unfortunate that at that moment Lucifer crossed the corner of Berkeley Square looking for the Eternal Woman and the beginning of his adventure. And there, standing against a black and white door, he saw a trim figure in a green suit as smooth and right as his own grey one.

He took in the little velvet hat and the ostrich feathers curling over the top.

"Now that," said the Devil with a chuckle, "is a Hat, and, methinks, a Woman."

Mary Chester gave a shrug of impatience, walked with resolution down the remaining three steps, said "To the Devil with it," and looked straight into the admiring eyes of the Devil himself.

He raised his hat as her foot reached the pavement. She flushed slightly, assumed what she hoped was an air of hauteur, and walked briskly away, feeling slightly disquieted and slightly elated at the obvious effect of the hat on what she foolishly thought a mere passer-by.

The Devil followed in the wake of the flippant feathers, to confirm his idea that here was the first ingredient for his amusement. Being gifted with second, third and even fourth sight, he looked deep into the heart and mind of Mary Chester as she walked unheeding ahead of him.

In her mind he saw an array of wit and intelligence, and a serious resoluteness which quite astonished him. But in the heart was a veritable whirlpool of emotion. Excitement (that was due to the hint of spring), elation and guilt (an inevitable combination due to the hat) cavorted wildly over a deep current of sadness.

So deep was the sadness that with it went a brave resolution to have done with love and all its ways for ever.

He checked himself from rubbing his hands with delight, but it was the good resolution that tipped the scales, since the despoiling of such things was one of his favorite diversions. He didn't look further into the heart to see what had befallen to bring that resolution to life.

IT must be mentioned that all this information had been gleaned in a twinkling, and Miss Chester had now turned out of Piccadilly into Bond Street, and so as she turned an enchanted eye upon an 18th century English landscape in a dealer's window, the Prince of Darkness, while considering the next step, took a further inward look at his attractive victim.

He was ravished at her unexpectedness.

For it would have been reasonable to assume that the elegance emerging from Senor Juan's salon was a child of opulence, and a keen, thoughtful eye taking in the discreet newness of all the exquisite garments she wore would also have dubbed her a devotee of the coupon black market. But he had seen that this was not true.

He had seen that in Miss Chester's new leather handbag were the remains of a small wad of clothing coupons but recently bestowed upon her at a Demobilisation Centre, and that the weakness in Miss Chester's delectable knees, as she had waited for returning strength on the steps in Berkeley Square, had been caused by the fact that the cheque for fifteen guineas had made a prodigious hole in what was left of her Service gratuity.

For Miss Chester had just stepped out of uniform six years old, which accounted for the careful way her small feet stepped in their newly acquired high heels, and her overwhelming consciousness of the piece of nonsense on her head, which had replaced a formidable peaked cap.

At this point Mary Chester hesi-



"Ah! Chopin," he murmured as he took out the record.

tated in front of the window of the White House, was lost, and disappeared inside.

The Devil stood at a nearby window, gazing with a benevolent air at some ivory figurines as he waited for her, and decided that this was the moment to take the next step.

As, naturally, he could see wherever and whatever he wanted to see whenever he wanted, this was easy. And so his inward roving eye lighted with amusement on Captain Anthony Danton as he sat reading "The Times" in a club in Pall Mall; with amusement because Captain Danton, newly returned from Japan, was in just the right mood to play into his hands.

Had he been seven instead of thirty-seven, Captain Danton's expression could only have been described as petulant. Here he was, he thought, scowling over his paper at the vast, sombre room, with time on his hands and ready for any distraction before he began seriously to pick up the pre-war reins, and not a thing to invite him.

London still teemed with its millions, but it seemed there was no one with whom he wished to join forces in fun. And fun, for the moment, was what he yearned for. At this, the Devil, still gazing at the ivory figure of a Chinese coolie, grinned broadly. He directed Captain Danton's broad eyes to the club windows and the sunlight in Pall Mall.

That disgruntled gentleman turned to get his empty glass refilled, hesitated, changed his mind, flung down his paper and strode out into the sun. He walked briskly, a lean not unhandsome figure.

When he had turned into Piccadilly, Miss Chester, with a deeper gleam in her eye, had emerged from the White House and retraced her steps, followed leisurely by the debonair man in grey. And at that precise moment both victims obeyed a sudden impulse they believed to be their own.

Both realised it was lunchtime, they were hungry, and both bent

their steps towards the Berkeley Grill. If it hadn't been for the confidence-giving quality of her hat Miss Chester knew she would not have gone there alone.

The Berkeley was full of people and a pleasant hum of conversation reverberated everywhere. Captain Danton's jaundiced eye noted that everyone seemed to have a companion. He was the first to present himself to the head waiter, rather dismally, as he suddenly remembered this austerity need for booking tables.

However, it appeared there was a table for three, but Monsieur would understand that it would perhaps be necessary for him to share his table. So Captain Danton sat and considered what he would eat.

Five minutes later the waiter guided Miss Chester, whose inward shyness was completely obscured by her cool demeanor, to the same table. At the same moment the Devil walked into the Berkeley Grill and, amazingly, not a fanfare blew nor a plate dropped.

Naturally, he was led to the table for three and murmured a graceful apology as he sat down.

He smiled seraphically, but this was completely lost on Captain Danton, who had ceased to weigh the

pros and cons of fish instead of meat, and had riveted his gaze, no longer gloomy, on the tip of Miss Chester's nose where the dappled shadow from the hat feathers ended. He had never seen a more delicious nose.

The seraphic smile, which was directed primarily at Mary Chester, was noted by that lady, who started slightly as she thought she recognised the face behind the smile.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, I was in despair in case you should fail to recognise me," He had found from experience that outrageousness is more pardonable in a Frenchman, so far as English women are concerned. His accent and gestures were superb.

"But —" began Miss Chester uncertainly.

"Put, of course, it was at the Elliotts' party last week, and encore, ten minutes ago in Berkeley Square when you were unkind enough to hurry away."

Mary Chester smiled sweetly, but with an aloofness proper to the occasion. She had been to no Elliotts' party; indeed she knew no one of that name, apart from Aunt Sue's odd-job man with the swivel eye.

Please turn to page 12

SENSATION occurs at the Colona Theatre when, during a vaudeville programme, one of the "sub-facts" of the mesmerist HERMAN FLAXMAN falls dead, stabbed in the back.

INSPECTOR GORMLEY, in charge of the case, interrogates Colona personnel, including PEDRO ALVINO, knife thrower, and his flirtatious wife, ROSA. He learns that the murder weapon is one which Alvino had presented to tap dancer BOB STRUTHERS, who is shortly to begin an act at the Colona with JANIE DORAN.

Associated with the affair is EGAN CRANE, impoverished actor who has just arrived from America, and gleaned news of his sister, ex-actress MIRIAM LINDEL, from his brother, stage carpenter HARRY BUNCE, and Bunce's wife, HETTY.

Miriam is very wealthy, but eccentric, and constantly imposed upon by destitute actors. Her most recent proteges are Janie and Bob, who have just come to stay at her home, while she is strongly under Flaxman's influence.

Chagrined, Crane endeavors to discredit Flaxman by breaking up his act, but is prevented by the occurrence of the murder. Going to visit Miriam the next day, he receives a surly reception from her old servant, DUGALD, who leaves him outside the door.

Crane investigates the house, and finds a theatre. In the midst of reciting Shakespeare from the stage he is struck and falls unconscious.

Now read on:—

JANIE turned eagerly to Bob as they came out from their talk with Mrs. Lindel. "What did I tell you," she said. "She wants us to stay."

"I suppose it's all right," Bob said doubtfully. "We can't be choosers. I still say she's awfully."

"Who isn't?" Janie retorted. "Up to a point."

They strolled for a time in the grounds, absorbed in talking, then came back to the house. In the driveway, Dugald was waiting for them.

He addressed Bob. "I'd like a word with you, young man—alone." He turned to Janie and said, gently, "You won't mind, miss. You can go and tidy up. For lunch."

"Of course," Janie said.

They watched her go, then the

old man said: "You could keep your mouth shut, I suppose. You ain't a gossip?"

"I can respect a confidence, if that's what you mean."

"Same thing," Dugald said. "Come this way."

Wondering, Bob followed. Together they trod the pathway in front of the verandah and walked round the side of the house away from the orchard. Dugald paused at a door and, taking a key from his pocket, opened it.

"Inside," he said, jerking his thumb, and Bob obeyed. There was not much light for Dugald had closed the door after him, and immediately he collided with a chair. It was fixed to the floor.

Dugald said: "Wait," and, fumbling, found a torch and flicked it on. They were standing behind some rows of chairs. The beam shot out, revealing a carpeted aisle. "The old lady's got a theatre for movies," Bob thought.

The old man guiding him with the torch, Bob walked down the

By
A. E. MARTIN

the aisle. The light revealed a curtained orchestra railing.

Dugald was busy pushing back the draperies screening the orchestra pit and for an instant the light beam shot upward revealing a painted curtain hiding the stage—a scene in Venice complete with gondolas, if Bob knew his geography.

"Hold this," Dugald said, offering the torch. "He's down here."

"He? Who?"

"How should I know?" the old man asked testily. "I told you they come and go. Like you. Here he is." Bob flashed the torch downward, revealing the body of a man, lying full length on the floor at his feet, just inside the orchestra railings, a rather heavily-built man in a light grey suit.

"Good Lord!" he said and knelt swiftly. He made a quick examination. "He's not dead," he said. "No, he ain't dead," Dugald said. "I guess he was sticky-beakin'. Musta fell off the stage in the dark and hit his head."

He bent down while Bob played the light on the man's face. "It's a tidy bump," Dugald commented, indifferently. "I want you to help me carry him out. I'll put him in one of the downstairs bedrooms."

"I'll carry him," Bob said, and unknotted the tie, loosened the man's collar. "You go ahead with the torch."

"I couldn't manage him on my own," Dugald admitted. "Not that distance."

Bob recalled the brief glimpse of the old fellow crossing the hall the night before. If he was any judge that was no mean burden.

This chap on the floor of the theatre wasn't frail, either. Bob used a trick lift to get him on his shoulder, and was glad when he'd reached the room to which Dugald led the way. He deposited his load on the bed and was glad to hear the man moan faintly.

Dugald said: "Thanks, young feller. He's coming round." He held the door open and when they were outside closed it and stood leaning against it. "He'll be all right now," he said. "You run along."

Bob said: "Don't you think a doctor—?"

"No," Dugald said promptly. "Quack couldn't do anything. Not needed, either. Waste o' money."

Bob regarded the old man, curiously. "You ever been in vaudeville?" he asked, suddenly.

"Me?" Dugald opened astonished eyes. "Not on your life! Why?"

"I just thought," Bob said and added significantly, "I had an idea you could carry a man across your shoulder—if you wanted to."

Dugald blinked at him; then realisation seemed to come. The old eyes twinkled a bit.

"All depends on the man," he said, chuckling. He put his hand on the young man's arm and pressed it in a friendly gesture. He said: "I guess you been doin' a bit o' stick-beakin', too. But don't you go gettin' excited and makin' up mysteries."

He glanced behind him at the closed door and went on more seriously: "Best keep quiet about this. Niba. No use upsettin' your young lady. Spoilin' her lunch. And when you see Mrs. Lindel again, not a word, mind. I'm not goin' to have her upset."

At first glance lunch with Mrs. Lindel looked as if it might be a pleasant affair. Dugald had called Bob and Janie to the room in which they had met their hostess earlier in the morning. The roses had been removed from the round centre table, which had been covered by an embroidered cloth.

Set about it were various dishes of salads and cold meats evidently prepared by Dugald, looking appetising enough, but revealing a cer-

"Who are you, sir?" Miriam demanded sharply, frowning down at Crane from the dais.

tain masculine clumsiness in presentation.

Bob was surprised to see Flaxman and find Harry Bunce standing alongside him and, before he really knew what he was doing, he was shaking his hand.

"Well," he said, making conversation, "fancy seeing you here, Janie. This is Harry Bunce from the Colona."

"Fancy seeing you," Bunce said without smiling. "Meet the wife."

Hetty Bunce didn't bother to give him her hand. She looked at the boy curiously, ignoring Janie. She said: "You two wouldn't be old friends of Mrs. Lindel's?"

"Why, no," Bob said. "As a matter of fact we only met her yesterday."

Please turn to page 12

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The Secretary

By Margaret St. John Bathe

IT was ten a.m. Mr. Walton's blonde secretary lighted a cigarette.

Ah... That was much better. Then she frowned, remembering there was a time when she had not smoked before evening.

She thought suddenly: It's this place, I've had too much of it, it's getting me down.

Twelve years was a long time to be one man's secretary.

Elizabeth had been eighteen when she first appeared at Walton and Son's Advertising Agency. A smile crept into her eyes as she remembered the eager girl almost running along the street, so anxious was she to begin her first day as a junior typist.

Bruce Walton had been the son part of the firm then, only twenty-three. Now his father had been dead seven years, Bruce was Walton, and there was no son.

Elizabeth tapped desultorily at her typewriter. Then she stopped, for her mind was extraordinarily active this morning about all the wrong things.

She was preoccupied with the problematical fate of private secretaries. She thought of all those who fell in love with their bosses, of all who did not marry them and of the few who did.

Were they happy, she wondered? Or did their find the marriage a mere extension of the secretarial state?

The telephone rang. An exultant voice bawled in her ear, "I've got the Glover account! I had to work for it. But it's in the bag at last!" "That's fine." Her voice was unenthusiastic.

"Hey! What's the matter with you? Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

"I do, I do!" She tried to sound glad, but Bruce Walton was not deceived.

"I thought you'd be as pleased as I am. You know how much this account means to me. You're not feeling ill, are you?"

She said she didn't think so. There was a pause and then Bruce Walton said, "I'll be along in about ten minutes. I couldn't wait to tell you the news." He was almost pleading with her to be glad.

She answered, "It's wonderful! Really wonderful!"

The Glover account, she thought, as she flicked some ash from her dress. At last he'd got it.

Her head ached. She pulled open a drawer and fumbled for aspirin.

There was a timid knock at the door and in answer to her rather impatient, "Come in," the door was pushed open and a smallish, neatly dressed girl stood on the threshold. There was that in her face which said she had a lot on her mind.

Elizabeth sighed and thrust the aspirin out of sight.

"Come right in—and close the door, Miss—er—Miss Dare." It took her a few seconds to recognise the junior typist who had been with Walton's only a fortnight.

"Well... what can I do for you, Miss Dare?"

Miss Dare, now that she was in, seemed to have no object but to stand in bashful, awed silence.

"Oh!" She came to life, she inhaled deeply, like a singer about to begin an aria.

"I want to know, please, about my work? Am I giving satisfaction? My typing speed has increased and I go to night school for shorthand. I'm

learning commercial French too and I intend to learn Spanish, and German. Next term I...

"Stop!" Elizabeth was laughing. "What are you trying to be, the Foreign Secretary?"

"I'm trying to be like you. I want to be a private secretary in the shortest possible time."

Elizabeth said gently, "With all this night school you won't have much time left over for fun, will you?"

"Fun!" The girl looked shocked. "I've got to make my way in life. When I am successful then I can have plenty of fun."

"Oh, no!" Elizabeth spoke with more vehemence than she intended. "You have the fun before you are successful." Do I sound bitter, she wondered.

"Ent you have fun," the girl protested. "You and Mr. Walton have lots of fun. When you leave the office you sometimes go together to parties. And I've heard you laughing dozens of times. I've often thought..." She stopped suddenly and a melting blush settled over her face.

Elizabeth coughed gently and started to look for something she did not want. She knew that she, too, had blushed.

"Mr. Walton is wonderful," said the little girl in hushed tones.

She is in love with him, Elizabeth thought. Well—so am I...

She straightened up and tried to appear businesslike.

"I'll speak to Mr. Walton about you. And, in the meantime, don't work too hard at too many things. Go out and meet people; go to dances and parties. You know, Miss Dare, I started by addressing envelopes and making tea. In fact, I sat at your very..."

Her voice trailed away and suddenly she found herself clutching at her desk. Dimly she heard Miss Dare saying, "Is anything the matter? You look awfully queer..."

The mist cleared. "I... I'm all right, thank you, Miss Dare."

Elizabeth was smiling oddly; her eyes seemed to be seeing something that the girl could not see. She started to back away. "Please let me know if there is anything I can do, won't you?"

As she reached the door to go out, Bruce Walton came in. They collided.

"Oh!" Miss Dare's voice rose to a scream. "Oh, Mr. Walton!" She scuttled out of sight.

Bruce Walton raised his shaggy eyebrows. "What's the matter with her? Have you been tickling her off?"

"No. On the contrary. And, while I think of it, will you tell her you're pleased with her work?"

"Am I pleased with her work?" He threw his brief-case on the desk. "What does she do?"

"She's the junior typist. She sits at the desk that was mine—twelve years ago. Remember?"

He laughed. "I was scared to death of you. You were such a prim, efficient little thing in those days. Funny how you changed." He ended softly.

"That was when I started to fall in love with you..."

He turned round and stared at her for a moment with unfathomable eyes, then he said, "You don't seem to be quite yourself this morning. Is anything wrong?"

"I'm resigning," she said briefly. "What!" Then he laughed. "You're joking." He sat down behind his desk and reached for the telephone, dismissing the subject.

"Put that phone down," ordered Elizabeth. "I'm serious."

He put it down and regarded her grimly.



"That was when I began to fall in love with you," Elizabeth said.

"Now look here, Elizabeth. You can't resign. Not yet, anyway. There'll be more work than ever before now I've got the Glover account. There's no one on the inside who knows the business like you do."

"Miss Winsome knows the business very well. And if you don't promote her soon she'll go somewhere else."

"Good Lord, Elizabeth, you can't leave now. Think of Glover's account. Why, I've prayed for that account, literally prayed for it..."

"My absence won't make the

slightest difference to the Glover account. Bruce, and, anyway, I shall have to leave. I'm going to have a baby."

"What!" He sprang out of his chair.

Elizabeth smiled. "You'd better start praying for a son. I suppose you want a son?"

He kissed her. "Do I?" he breathed. "Mrs. Walton, I'll say I do." He kissed her again, saying happily, "The Glover account and a son, all in one morning. Aren't we wonderful?"

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The Duke of Windsor's Memoirs

PART 3

"I, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES..."

By H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor



My last term [at Dartmouth] passed swiftly—too swiftly. My brother Bertie had meanwhile been transferred from Osborne and in my diary I alluded solemnly to his lack of respect toward a senior—nothing more, probably, than some impulsive, lonely gesture that breached Dartmouth's stern code: "I was told by somebody that Bertie was in the habit of treating him with familiarity. I shall tell him this, as he should not mix with terms other than his own."

Half-way through the term both he and I fell victim for the second time in our lives to a severe epidemic of measles which put two-thirds of the cadets in the hospital. Hansell came down from London and took us away to Cornwall to convalesce.

In that lovely part of England we were joined by the secretary of the Duchy of Cornwall, Mr. Walter Peacock, who, hoping to stimulate my interest in business affairs, conducted me in my dural capacity around some of my properties.

It was while I was in Cornwall that my first serious ambition was blasted. The goal of my cadet life had been the final training cruise and graduation that would qualify me for the dirk and white patch of midshipman. No cadet yearned for this proof of success more than I.

★ In the first two instalments of his memoirs, the Duke of Windsor described his childhood days during the reigns of Queen Victoria and King Edward VII.

In this issue he tells of his investiture as Prince of Wales, of his years of study at Oxford, and his first visits to the Continent.

Pictures from his personal album are captioned in his own handwriting.

Now, without warning, came a letter from my father explaining that since I would naturally be obliged to play a prominent role in his Coronation in June, I would have to forgo the training cruise in North American waters upon which my hopes were set.

So it was with a heavy heart that I returned to the Naval College to say good-bye to the officers and cadets of my term, and, incidentally, for the first time, to take the leading part in a public function.

A silver oar, symbol of ancient rites of the water of Dartmouth, had long been deposited with the Duchy of Cornwall; and it was Mr. Peacock's sentimental thought that

I should give it back to the town in a simple ceremony which I subsequently described in my diary of March 29, 1911, my last day at the Naval College:

"It was very sad saying farewell... At 5.00 I left the bathing stage in a steamboat with the captain, Bertie, Hansell, Mr. Peacock, and some officers and masters for the Dartmouth Pontoon, to present a silver oar.

"On arriving I shook hands with the mayor and others, inspected the guard and proceeded by carriage to the subscription rooms. There I said a few words to the mayor and gave the oar.

"This was my first function and I think it went off very well."

My family had moved meanwhile into Buckingham Palace and I joined them there. Next morning there was the usual post-breakfast summons relayed by Finch. My father took me for a walk in the gardens behind the Palace and warned me that the happy obscurity of the naval cadet was over.

"You must begin to give thought to your position," he said. My father was not an eloquent man and he never defined just what he expected of me. But before the summer was out I understood.

April and May are lovely months in England—but for me in 1911 they were a kind of misplaced hour.

The first two weeks of April I lived in Buckingham Palace. My room was on the third floor, overlooking The Mall.

After the cramped rooms to which I was accustomed, Buckingham Palace seemed enormous and pervaded by a curious, musty odor which still assails me whenever I enter its portals.

I was never happy there.

The tumultuous and friendly congestion of York Cottage disappeared within its stately rooms and endless corridors and passageways.

It was something of a walk merely to reach my mother's room. We used to say that we met each other only by appointment.

From my diary

THEN, as was the custom in the spring, we all moved to Windsor.

I have long supposed this was a period of sadness. My Dartmouth term-mates had sailed off in the cruiser Cornwall, and fragments of their marvellous voyage came back to me in their letters.

Yet for all the remembered disappointment I find to-day that my diary during that period was actually full of sunny and intimate details.

"The trees are just coming out and the place looks lovely... Rode before breakfast with Major Wigram, Bertie, and Harry... I helped Mary fly a patent kite... Mama told me that Papa had arranged that Lord Revelstoke should carry my coronet at the Coronation..."

Windsor is a lovely place, with one of the most beautiful views of all England, looking out over the woods and fields of the Thames Valley.

With Mary I bicycled happily in the grounds; I studied and read under the trees with my tutors; and in sight of those ancient grey walls, quite without realising it, I arrived at the end of my boyhood.

Continued on page 20



AT MY INVESTITURE as Prince of Wales, I wore a fantastic costume designed for the occasion, consisting of a mantle and surcoat of purple velvet and white satin breeches.



BEFORE 10,000 PEOPLE, at Carnarvon Castle, my father, leading me by the hand, presented me to the people of Wales. It was on a sweltering summer day in 1911.

The Australian Women's Weekly—January 31, 1948

ODO-RO-NO CREAM

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Page 7



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World-famous surgeon revisits home town



TOWNSPEOPLE queue up to chat with their old friend, Sir Hugh Cairns, when he looks in on River-ton, S.A., which he left 30 years ago. From left: Sir Hugh, Mr. Tom Longbottom, Miss Linetta Longbottom, Mrs. Angus Hannaford, Mr. Archie Cole, Mr. Norman Griffen, Mr. Fred Jordan.

Schoolmates queue up to greet Sir Hugh Cairns

By FREDY YOUNG, staff reporter

Riverton, a pretty country town in South Australia about 60 miles north of Adelaide, had a red-letter day when Sir Hugh Cairns, one of the world's most brilliant brain surgeons, came "home" for a few hours after being away for 30 years.

Sir Hugh is one of the medical leaders of the world. He treated 12,000 head injuries during the war, and was rushed to Germany to operate on U.S. General Patton when he suffered severe spinal injuries.

THE great surgeon spent his schooldays in Riverton, and the way the town turned out to greet him at a day or so's notice was a personal triumph in a life already filled with triumphs.

Sir Hugh, who is 51, is president of the Society of British Neurological Surgeons, and Nuffield Professor of Surgery at Oxford University.

He is noted for his brilliant marathon brain operations, some of which last up to 15 hours, demanding great steadiness and physical stamina from the surgeon.

Sir Hugh is in Australia under a travelling professorship endowed by Mr. Arthur Sims, of New Zealand, to promote a better medical liaison between Empire countries.

A flight to New Zealand is part of his several months' itinerary.

His trip to Riverton was more than a personal visit—he brought messages from his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Cairns, who 24 years ago had joined him in England.

They were yearning for first-hand news of their former home town.

"They are with me in spirit today," said Sir Hugh.

Willie Cairns, a Scotsman, is remembered in Riverton as a great rifle shot and a keen townsman.

His talented wife sang, played the piano and violin, and took part in all the town doings.

For them Sir Hugh took along his camera and a little notebook.

With one he made pictures of old friends and landmarks, and in the other he jotted down names and messages he was to take to his people.

Out on the bowling green someone asked: "Did you know Ted Mullens?"

"Of course," said the visitor, "he used to work for my father."

Ted was called over from his work "I must get a picture of you for father," said Sir Hugh.



CHARACTERISTIC SMILE of Sir Hugh Cairns, now England's greatest brain surgeon, snapped at his boyhood school at Riverton, a small town in S.A.

"Wait till I put on my better hat," said Ted.

"The hat you've got on is the one my father will want to see," said Sir Hugh as his camera captured that little bit of old Riverton to take back to Oxford.

As he came to the school he paused at the gate. He was obviously moved.

But once inside the building he broke into a broad grin as he found the spot in the corridor where the canings which he still remembers vividly took place.

The worn step leading to the spot had particular significance for him. His portrait hangs on the school wall.

He said afterwards: "The school didn't seem as large as it used to."

As a matter of fact, it is half as big again as it was in his boyhood.

Less than two days previously he had arrived at Parafield aerodrome after flying from England and he went immediately to relatives in the lovely vineyard country of Tanunda and Kapunda, near his old home town.

At the first opportunity his friends whisked him over to Riverton.

A small group of leading townsmen headed by Mr. D. C. Hannaford, chairman of the district council, met him and showed him round, and in the afternoon the Institute Hall was thrown open for anyone who cared to come along and see their old friend.

Little groups of residents stood about the street waiting.

Their recollections of early associations with their distinguished visitor were brought out almost as badges of honor. To an outsider it was very touching.

There was Aubrey Proost, who'd

sat next to Hugh in the upper class. Harold Scholtz was there, brother of Norman, who, with Hugh, had often shared the penalty of being separated for talking and seated in disgrace with the girls.

Maude Fernandez recalled how she sat in front of him in class and how he liked to spatter ink on her starched white pinafore.

Bob Cooper learned singing from Mrs. Cairns, as did W. H. Davis. They still have good voices, I was told.

O. H. Castine had been a pal of Cairns, sen., out on the rifle ranges.

R. B. Scholefield had something to remember about sparrows' eggs.

The McInerney family was there to represent old John McInerney, a farmer who's sick in hospital and who has written regularly to the parents in Oxford ever since they went away.

Sir Hugh visited Mr. McInerney in hospital and took a snap of him.

There were scores of others with children and grandchildren, many telling the legend of how Hugh could talk all day in school and still come top of his class; and how the schoolmaster, suspecting a bit of nonsense going on, could never catch him unawares.

To his "What was I saying, Cairns?" the correct answer was always forthcoming.

To little Mrs. Jack Rogers, the former Miss Bassett, the meeting



DON'T LOOK NOW, but we think there is a reminiscence going on concerning ink on a pinafore between Sir Hugh and his former classmate, Miss Maude Fernandez.

was a great occasion. She had been his Sunday school teacher.

The reception was planned at very short notice, but when word got round, even farmers, up to their eyes in harvesting, dropped work, put on their good clothes, and came along in.

The guest of honor had requested: "Keep everything informal."

And so it was.

In one of three speeches of welcome a story was told of the schoolboy Hugh Cairns coming into his father's workshop.

"Hullo, Hugh."

"Hullo, father."

"Here, Hugh, what have you been doing?"

"Fighting, father."

"Fighting?"

"Yes, father."

"Did you lick him?"

"Yes, father."

"That's all right, then."

Hugh Cairns' boyhood got the airing of its life.

Then Sir Hugh spoke.

"I owe a debt to this town," he said, "for the schooling I received here, and also for the schooling I received from my contemporaries."

"I thank Mr. Harry Davis and Frank Millon, who gave me jobs in my holidays and no doubt paid me much more than I deserved."

"I have often thought in later life of something in the Australian education that is extremely important. I refer to the jobs one does when studying for a profession."

"These give a practical twist to one's life, and I think a measure of independence, which is characteristic of Australian people."

"For these reasons I am conscious of the debt I owe to Riverton."

"I have longed to return for many years. When I was working in London hospitals as a surgeon 25 years ago, and could hear the steamers

hooting their way down the Thames, I used to feel a great loneliness for Australia. Only for the war I would have been here earlier."

"When this travelling scholarship was offered I should not have come, but I could not resist it. I wanted to recapture some of the memories of my boyhood."

After the party, Sir Hugh sent along a cheque to the schoolmaster, Mr. F. J. Butler, to buy books for the school library.

Sir Hugh Cairns, who was knighted for his distinguished war services, held rank as a brigadier.

He was consulting Neuro Surgeon to the British Army.

He had a head-injury hospital at Oxford, where he treated 12,000 head injury cases, including many Australian airmen.

He was particularly concerned with the manpower aspect of saving

as many of the trained fighting troops as possible.

One of his reforms was the introduction of compulsory crash-helmets for all Army motor-cyclists. By their use he quartered the number of admissions to hospitals.

"I can't understand why civilian authorities have not made crash-helmets compulsory for civilian motor-cyclists," he said.

"When penicillin was first discovered, Sir Howard Florey (another South Australian) gave me some quite early, and we used it with great success in the treatment of brain wounds and meningitis."

"And he and I went out to the Battle of Stilly, and we tried penicillin on a big scale with recently-wounded men."

"The results had a profound effect on medical policy in the war. It was adopted by the whole of the British Army, and the U.S.A. followed on soon afterwards."

"Since the war, which we have hardly got over yet, we have worked on infections of the nervous systems, and more recently on T.B. and meningitis with the new drug, streptomycin, and that looks pretty encouraging," he said.

One of Sir Hugh's big special jobs during the war was to fly to Heidelberg, in Germany, to operate on U.S. General Patton after he received his severe spinal injuries.

Recently he edited and in part wrote a special volume of the "British Journal of Surgery" on surgery of head wounds during the war.

Lady Cairns was formerly Miss Barbara Smith, a daughter of the Master of Balliol. She hopes to pay us a visit later.

She and Sir Hugh have four children. The eldest, John, has just gained his medical degree. David intends to be a schoolteacher, but before he takes up a position in England his father hopes he will come to Australia for a year or so.

"To get a bit of outdoor life, cricket, and other sport," said Sir Hugh.

Margaret is reading zoology at Oxford and is planning to "read philosophy" after that, and the youngest, Elizabeth, is still a schoolgirl.

Her father is particularly pleased that at 15 she has tried her hand at writing a novel, and has finished it.

Sir Hugh himself went to Adelaide High School before going through Adelaide University on scholarships.

He became Rhodes Scholar.

In 1915 he enlisted as a private in World War I, but after Gallipoli all medical students had to return and finish their courses. On completion of his, he joined up again and went to France in 1918 as a captain.

This is his first visit home since then.

BACK TO SCHOOL

IN every family home children are sharpening new pencils and mothers are pressing up junior wardrobes for the return to school.

The rising generation, from tots of five to tremendous young bloods and sophisticated young ladies of seventeen, will soon be struggling with alphabets and equations again.

Within a week or two, school life, with its troubles and triumphs, its fierce rivalries and deathless friendships, becomes a little world that completely absorbs them within its boundaries.

Their parents, however, look about the world outside with deep apprehension and see danger haunting the footsteps of their children.

If they became possessed by their darkest fears, they might feel it a waste of time to educate a generation that seems destined to be the target of atomic bombs.

But fortunately, education is an activity that cannot be paralysed by any amount of pessimism.

The urge to self-improvement has not failed humanity during the past five centuries, and from small beginnings public education has grown into one of the most hopeful things of modern times.

Here in Australia, there is a pressing need for new school buildings and for higher salaries to make teaching a worth-while career.

No matter how great are the world's problems to-day, its teaching must go on. In struggling to create a saner, more orderly world, Australia cannot neglect the preparation of its future citizens.



ARTIST SPROD, who drew our sunny picnic cover for this week, takes another and more realistic view after the weather that has beset eastern Australia this summer.

It seems to me...

FURTHER developments in streamlining the modern world are announced from Britain, where an engineer has invented a cafeteria in which diners are moved in their seats on a conveyor-belt system.

Some doubt has been expressed as to whether the public will like the idea of eating its meal in a fixed time.

As the invention now stands, diners are moved on from soup after five minutes, allowed ten minutes for the main course, then switched along to the sweets and coffee for the last five minutes.

The fascinating point which hasn't been explained yet is what happens to the customers at the end of the five minutes allotted for coffee and sweets. Are they shot off the end of the row in a tangled heap if they exceed the time?

This, when you are standing in a cafe queue, seems rather a pleasant thought. But if you are sitting finishing your cigarette and being glared at by the queue, it strikes you as harsh.

Some people will express horror at the brief time allowed for the meal. But the average business-girl, used to cramming her shopping into a lunch-hour, is more likely to ask for a speeding up.

This suggests a notion which might well be developed in large-scale establishments. There could be various circuits marked "Slow," "Dead Slow," and (for those of us who regard lunch as secondary to looking for a new hat) "Full Speed Ahead."

A FILM publicity-sheet received recently in this office describes how actor Richard Greene left Hollywood in 1940 to enter "Sandhurst, England's West Point."

I was just sharpening my typewriter for some pointed remarks about "Buckingham Palace, England's White House," or "Westminster, England's Capitol," when I decided to look up the dates of founding of the two military colleges.

The result shows how one should beware of national chips on the shoulder. Sandhurst was founded in March, 1802; West Point in July, 1802.

AMERICAN women own seven-tenths of the country's wealth, and 65 out of every 100 dollars in savings accounts.

An American woman judge, mentioning this at the United Nations Commission on the Status of Women, said that nevertheless "politically they were in a distressing state."

Maybe the girls feel that if they have the purse-strings they have the power, and don't need to be elected to Congress to wield it.

That's fairly sound reasoning on the present economic system anyhow.



Dorothy Drain

ONCE upon a time people dreamed of stumbling on a nugget of gold, or finding on the beach a piece of ambergris, and retiring on the proceeds.

Things have changed. Most of the gold is under Fort Knox, where it is well guarded from stumbling feet.

Ambergris, since the greater use of synthetics, has decreased in value. But there's still a chance of striking it rich, though dreams are of different stuff.

The Federal Government has offered rewards for discoveries of uranium. Now, in your beachcombing excursions, you can keep your eyes peeled for the black sands which may contain thorium, one of the sources of uranium.

Ambergris, though unlovely in itself, is used as a fixative for rich and rare perfumes.

Every child knows what we need uranium for. Sad, isn't it?

SOME curious stories are told in the divorce courts.

A husband (according to a wife who recently secured her divorce) used to sit up all night when drunk, rolling imaginary cigarettes and lighting them with imaginary matches.

While appreciating the unvarnished aspect of this, what I would really like to know is—did he then smoke the imaginary cigarettes, and did he enjoy them?

If so, it would save some of us a lot of money and time if we could develop a similar talent.

MARKET reports over the radio have a curious fascination.

The picture of tomatoes "moving out slowly," cabbages "easing," or pineapples "firming" is always diverting.

One of the choicest phrases for connoisseurs, however, was the recent pronouncement that "Passion-fruit are a little quieter."

AN English farmer, Mrs. Barbara Woodhouse, of Buckinghamshire, believes her cows give more milk if clothed to suit the weather, dresses them in wool and jute on cold days, in cotton on chilly summer days:

"My cow," said the lady, "I vow

"Will never be called a poor cow,

"It's a cow of a fate to freeze

"And be cowed by the blast of the breeze,

"But Daisy, dressed up, looks a wow

"And will surely be dubbed a fair cow."

Interesting People



MISS NANCY LEE
... Philip's secretary

TALL, brunette, 33-year-old Nancy Lee, installed in Buckingham Palace as secretary to the Duke of Edinburgh, speaks French and German fluently, has the reputation of being a brilliant and witty conversationalist. She has a crisp manner, ready smile. Prince Philip has known her for several years as she was secretary to Lord Louis Mountbatten. Her hobbies are reading and walking.



SIR KEITH PARK
... air chief goes home

ACTIVE interest in building of civil aircraft is planned by Sir Keith Park, when he settles in native land, New Zealand. He is returning there via Australia in the Akaron with his family. Sir Keith retired recently from the R.A.F. after distinguished career as Air Chief-Marshal, when he had responsibility of defeating Luftwaffe in Battle of Britain. Later was in supreme command of air forces in S.E. Asia, as Allied Air C-in-C.



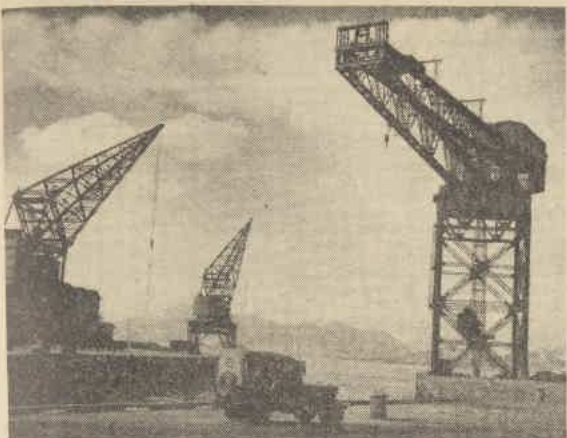
MRS. LOUISE DYER HANSON
... publishes in Paris

BLUE-EYED, vital, with upswipe white hair, Mrs. Louise Dyer Hanson is visiting her hometown, Melbourne. Has lived in Paris for many years, and founded Lyceum and L'Oiseau Presses, which publish de luxe editions of little-known works of famous composers. Since 1938 has also published recordings by leading artists. Main interest now is publication of series of 10,000 essays, in French and English, on contemporary music and poetry.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

Japan's war potential gradually disappearing



HUGE CRANES outlined against the sky at Kure dock, former Japanese naval base. Cranes are now used to unload Allied ships.

Kure dock area supplies a vast stock of scrap and reparations

The task of breaking up the Japanese Navy has almost been completed. At Kure, formerly the largest naval base in the world, giant battleships, cruisers, destroyers, aircraft-carriers, submarines have been cut into pieces large enough to be of industrial use only.

JAPANESE workmen are on the job, which is done by the Japanese Government under the direction and strict supervision of Vice-Admiral R. Griffin, Commander Naval Forces in Japan.

I was shown over the docks and the ruins of the vast arsenal by Commander F. F. Raleigh, U.S. liaison officer in this R.O.C.F. area, who is in charge of demolition work. Cruisers are brought into the docks and cleared of superstructure before workers with acetylene torches cut them up. In three weeks a cruiser is cut into from 10 to 300 pieces.

There were four dry docks in the area. One of them, the largest in the East, was capable of taking the King George V or both the Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth at the one time.

Ships sunk in the area are refloated. I saw one sunken ship which had been raised being rebuilt for merchant marine interstate trade—a 50,000,000 yen repair job.

Scrapped were aircraft-carriers Aso and Ryuho and the 72,000-ton Yamato, built in the largest of the building docks.

Also scrapped were 92 out of 121 submarines of the type that raided Sydney.

As a precautionary measure, after the surrender, all had been piled up by bulldozers and buried under a mountain of debris. The remainder are now being uncovered and scrapped.

The large submarine Koryo (which means "underground dragon") was all destroyed but one section in which gasoline had been stored and because of fumes was unsafe to work in. It will be sold to the Jap Fishing Guild as a fish trap.

The destroyer escorts Nire and Takami and the cruiser Oyodo were in line to be scrapped.

The last flagship of the Jap Fleet, sunk at Eta Jima by carrier planes in 1945, was to be pumped out and towed over for scrap.

She had a great torpedo hole in her side about 16 yards long and eight yards wide. The 25,000-ton aircraft-carrier Anagi was also in the naval graveyard.

Scrap goes to the Japanese Government, who will never again need to import scrap iron for industry.

The dry docks will be demolished, but can still be used as a wet basin.

A half-mile-long building nearby, where armored steel was made at the rate of a quarter-million tons a year, now houses salvaged reparation machinery.

It has been reconditioned, tested, each piece numbered and catalogued, and is now ready for delivery to the various claimant nations.

It includes lathes, boring machines, dies, drills, and tool die machinery. Nearly 7000 types of machinery were used in the area.

Still standing amid the ruins of the extensive buildings gutted by 500lb. and 2000lb. bombs is one of the largest steel presses in the world, made at Duisburg, Germany.

It had a pressure of 15,000 tons to the square inch. The nose of the



THREE BUILDINGS once stood on this spot in the Kure dock area. This is all that remains after B29s based on Guam blasted the area in June, 1945. Pictures by Army Public Relations Photographer



ALL THAT IS LEFT of a Japanese destroyer, broken up under the Allied scrapping plan.



LATHES, once used to make gun barrels, now destined to help pay off Japan's reparations bill

bomb that put it out of action can still be seen.

Near it, in a long series of furnaces, are piles of ingots made for armor-piercing shells, armor plating, shells, and guns.

The yard and arsenal used to employ 112,000 people—82,000 adults, 7000 adolescents, and a volunteer corps of 24,000 schoolboys and schoolgirls, aged from 10 to 14 years.

Among the ruins and nearby caves lawless bands of war orphans still live, depending on petty thieving for their existence.

—Alice Jackson



WAR HINDOO, one of the first purely civil merchant ships to undergo repairs in the dry dock at Kure Harbor.



JAP TRAIN DRIVER stands in the cab of his engine before hauling off a pile of metal rats for scrapping. In the background is a pile of iron shavings from lathes which once hummed for Japan's war effort.

MISS CHESTER

laughed aloud and knew no regrets at the sudden thought of that dour creature being in any way concerned with the audacious elegance at the other side of the table. She had already realised that this astonishing day was one on which anything might happen, and the gay sunshine pouring through the window behind her lent conviction.

She hoped she was keeping up a nonchalant front despite the disconcerting stare of the tired-looking sunburnt man in uniform.

Anthony Danton was now impelled to tell the hovering waiter that "anything would do."

"Mon cher ami, permit me to intrude and disagree," the Devil interrupted with polite horror, making a wide deprecatory gesture. "I submit that on such a day as this anything will not do. Will you allow a visit to your beautiful London after a long and arduous journey to be the excuse for a stranger's presumption? I should be honored if you would allow me to offer you lunch with my charming acquaintance."

He directed a graceful gesture towards Miss Chester, whose chief astonishment was concerned with her own acceptance of the situation rather than the effrontery of the stranger, who carried all before him with the gentlest audacity.

Captain Danton looked with interest at his would-be host, and grinned; he wasn't astonished at his acceptance of the situation, since it offered such a simple introduction to the owner of the fascinating nose.

"Bon, it is settled. Now we shall consider," he immediately removed all attention from his guests and sank into profound concentration with the waiter.

"And now," he cried jaily, as the waiter disappeared, "may I present myself to you as Monsieur Lucifer? Et vous, mon capitaine?"

"Danton is my name, Anthony Danton," and the erstwhile gloomy eyes twinkled amusedly at Miss Chester.

"Ah," Monsieur Lucifer smiled gravely at Miss Chester, "may I present my good friend Captain Danton to you, Mademoiselle?"

"Chester, Mary Chester." She smiled demurely as she helped him out. "I think this is very, shall we say, original of you, but quite charming." She could hardly believe it was her own voice making this utterance.

Oysters came and disappeared, champagne bubbled and conversation quickened. Duck, cooked for a king, appeared discreetly; rich red Beaune crept up the glasses and the shaft of sunlight caught the ruby fires in its depths. The host grew more genial—if that were possible—his guests more expansive, and laughter eddied and flowed round the table for three.

"What about this arduous journey to London, Monsieur Lucifer? Did you come from Mars by way of atomic energy, or merely from John G. Grouse by way of L.M.S.?" exclaimed Anthony, watching Miss Chester as she leisurely stirred her coffee.

"If the story is as outrageous as his behaviour at the Elliotts' party," she remarked wickedly, "he had better not tell it."

"Ah," the Devil was delighted, "you have me there, Mademoiselle. But if I were to tell you just how I got to London you would not believe me, and nothing is more boring than to tell the truth and meet with incredulity."

"He always travels on a broomstick, I'm quite sure," said Mary smiling into the intense gaze of Captain Danton.

"And you, Miss Chester," Anthony was pleasantly unaware of the third person present at that moment, "came straight from Paris on the Golden Arrow, and time stood still since then."

"How clever of you to guess," she smiled.

"But there is no return journey, is there? Not yet, please."

"Oh, I shall probably disappear. Perhaps I have a broomstick too." "No woman with a broomstick could ever wear a hat like that," he retorted.

"Only a woman with a skeleton in her cupboard," interposed the Devil wickedly.

Continuing . . . Devil In Spring

from page 3

"There is a story behind the hat," said Mary severely, "but it has nothing to do with either broomsticks or skeletons." She looked thoughtful as she remembered her weakness on the steps outside Juan's black and white door. "You can call it a banner of defiance, and leave it at that."

"An appalling simile," murmured Anthony, and cocked an eyebrow at Lucifer, who was carefully refilling the liqueur glasses with brandy. Anthony stared into the amber liquid and thought it had borrowed its glow from the gleam of Mary Chester's hair.

Lucifer smiled as he read his thoughts and murmured: "The amber gleam of Mademoiselle's hair." Anthony started and flushed. Mary saw it but kept her poise.

She looked round the Grill Room and noticed it was emptying rapidly. She wondered what would happen next; impossible to believe this absurdly exciting adventure was nearly over.

"No," said the Devil softly, "not yet, Mademoiselle, not yet." But Mary could no longer register a vestige of surprise.

Anthony's mind flew back to Burma for a second and returned to the present in a rush of delight.

"Tell me, Monneur," he said, "how did Miss Chester make time stand still when she stepped out of the Golden Arrow? I should like to try the experiment, too."

"Mon ami, if ever you should be as old as I am you will know there is no such thing as time. Only an eternal, but quite amusing, conflict."

"Then to-day has stepped out of time, for there is no conflict here, surely?" cried Mary.

"Only, I hope, acquiescence," said Anthony, eying her with a challenging grin.

"We shall see," she said flippantly, wondering if she would ever get back to her normal self after this absurd episode.

"Away with conflict and come with me," cried the Devil.

"The Great Adventure," said Mary ridiculously as she got up.

"How odd to have known you so long," remarked Anthony as they followed the grey figure, "and only now to learn you are five feet four!" Mary giggled.

"The broomstick has chameleon qualities," remarked Anthony as a long grey limousine, with Lucifer at the wheel, slid to a silent standstill in front of them.

Mary sank into a corner in the back of the car, and wondered if it would be a good idea to pinch herself to find out if all this were true.

"My apartment," said the Devil a little later as he led the way into the lift, which rose rapidly and silently as he pressed the button, "is on the top floor. Which," he added under his breath, "would be contrary to general assumption. I think you will find the view enchanting."

The apartment, as was to be expected, was beautiful and its appointments were designed to set off the spacious loveliness of its Regency proportions. High windows opened out to a balcony overlooking Regent's Park, which, in the dimming light of late afternoon, looked as unreal as the events of the day.

Mary and Anthony stood looking out across the green expanse, towards the distant roofs etched against a streak of pink cloud in the greying sky. The Devil stood, remote and sardonic, watching them from the room. He grinned, think-

ing he'd had his fun and his day was done.

He tipped to a corner, and opening the gramophone he searched for a record to his taste. He found some Chopin, started the gramophone, and slipped out of the room, closing the door gently behind him.

The music drifted across the room, and brought them in from the balcony without a word. The notes dropped crystal clear into the quietness, and as they ended Mary moved swiftly away from Anthony, sat down and broke the silence.

"But where is our enchanting host?" she said lightly.

"Husling his menials for nectar and ambrosia," said Anthony, trying to be equally light.

"The place sounds amazingly quiet. Shall we . . ."

Before she had finished the door opened, lights were switched on, and a tall man with white hair and an astonished face (which neither of them had ever seen before) stood transfixed on the threshold.

"Forgive me," he said at length. His tone was grave and ironic. "I'm afraid I do not recognise my visitors immediately."

"Your visitors," said Anthony. "I don't understand."

"It would be interesting to know how you got in," went on the newcomer, "since the flat was empty. Was it a master key or the lady's hairpin. I wonder?"

"But there must be some mistake," Mary broke in.

Seeing the genuine bewilderment on the very pleasant faces in front of him the stranger's frown of displeasure almost vanished, and he looked inquiringly at Captain Danton, who gave what he hoped was a lucid explanation of their presence.

HETTY BUNCE

smiled mirthlessly, continuing to scrutinise Bob. "So now you're staying here," she said. "Isn't that nice?" She looked across at Flaxman. "Isn't it wonderful?"

Something in her manner sent the color rushing to Bob's cheek.

Flaxman said: "Everything's wonderful here. You walk through a neglected garden, down drab old, carpetless corridors, and hey presto you're in a fairyland with a feast fit for Aladdin and a princess for a hostess."

As though on cue, Mrs. Lindel, in a pale lilac linen frock, her cheeks newly rouged, her dyed hair arranged in soft, short curls, had entered quietly and was standing at the end of the room.

Flaxman took her hand and held it, looking up and holding her with his eyes.

"You are well, Miriam?" he asked solicitously.

Bunce said abruptly, "Of course, she's well. She never looked better." "I'm so glad you came—to lunch, I mean. I wanted to talk to you, Herman," Mrs. Lindel said to Flaxman. "Everything is ready. I feel sure that we shall be successful tonight."

Flaxman rubbed his chin with his fingers. He said uneasily, "I'm awfully sorry, Miriam. I hate to disappoint, but something has happened. Something over which I had no control."

She said, her voice faltering, "But you promised. Oh, you must—you must try."

Bunce said roughly: "If it's another seance you'll have to call it off, Miriam. We won't be able to stay. The fact is, there was a bit of bother at the theatre last night."

He hesitated while she waited, frowning, her eyes troubled. "A chap was killed—during Flaxman's act."

A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 4

Mrs. Lindel did not speak immediately, but her hand went to her heart. She said at last: "But, how horrible. An accident."

"I don't know," Flaxman said. "The police say it was—murder."

"Murder!" Janie said it. "But when—how?"

"Didn't you see it?" Hetty Bunce asked meaningly. "You were at the theatre."

"Yes," Janie faltered, "but—we went early. It must have been after we left."

Bunce gave a little laugh. He looked at Bob. "Don't tell me the police haven't found you yet."

Bob said, "Found me. What have I got to do with it?"

Bunce laughed again, and Flaxman put in hurriedly: "What have any of us got to do with it? But we're all pooled in." He turned quickly to Mrs. Lindel, explaining: "You see, we were all so unfortunate as to be present."

"But," Bob said, "who was killed? What's it all about?"

"Nobody knows the man," Flaxman told him. "At least there was no one there last night who would admit they knew him. He started interjecting from the audience. I asked him up on the stage—"

Janie said, "I remember. He was going up just as Bob and I left the theatre."

"Well, just after you left the theatre he was stabbed, dearie—in the back. Didn't you know?" Hetty Bunce smiled as she said it, but there was no doubt of the malice in her voice, and Janie bridled.

"How should I know?" she asked tartly.

Mrs. Lindel had moved slowly up the room and now, from the dais,

she cried suddenly: "Stop it! Stop it, everybody. I won't have it. I don't want to hear. It has nothing to do with us. I won't have the atmosphere of this room spoiled. Dugald—make them stop."

Dugald said, "Stop it. Everybody!"

There was immediate silence.

Flaxman in a few noiseless strides reached Mrs. Lindel.

"I am deeply sorry, Miriam," he said. "We won't talk about it."

He leaned closer and Janie only just heard the words: "I must have the right atmosphere, too. It's essential. You are quite right."

The others maintained abashed silence in the room below, and the only sound was the tinkle of glassware as Dugald moved from sideboard to table.

He said mildly: "It's ready when you want it." Then he came behind Janie, a plate in his hand. "You have some of this," he said. "You'll like it."

From her chair Hetty Bunce looked at the old man and raised her eyebrows. Then, shrugging her shoulders, she said: "If you had any manners, Harry, you'd get me something."

Bob, who was nearer, said, "Can I help? What would you like?"

She regarded him coolly. She said slowly, "You'd be surprised."

Janie, applying herself to her salad, giggled. She was glad more normality had been introduced. Flaxman was still talking quietly to Miriam in the alcove, Bunce was already seated at the table. Dugald had disappeared. Then, from somewhere a little distant a door banged loudly, startling Janie so that her fork dropped.

GRAVELY the

older man said "I know of no Monsieur Lucifer. My name is Charles Logan, and this has been my flat for the past ten years. Your story is very odd, and though I cannot account for it, your evident amazement and embarrassment persuaded me to believe it."

"Look here, sir," said Anthony. "This is a profoundly awkward situation for all of us. My name is Anthony Danton, and I can give you satisfactory credentials for myself and for Miss Chester."

"I don't doubt it," Mr. Logan smiled slightly. "But somehow I don't feel it is necessary."

Somehow they managed to extricate themselves, and stood in portentous silence waiting for the lift.

Anthony's light tone was belied by the look in his eye.

"You know, my dear, there has been some devilry afoot to-day. Delightful devilry, but devilry all the same. And things like that should be kept in the family. I think," he went on, "you'll simply have to marry me."

"I think," Mary said, in a small voice, "I agree with you."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "my intentions were entirely honorable, but only from the moment you smiled, with your eyes closed, in the corner of the car."

As they went a tall grey figure loomed out of the shadows of the hall. It whistled ruefully as it gazed after them, though the debonair smile still lingered.

"Well," he murmured, "I thought they had all the elements of wickedness. Eh bien, he added, misquoting horribly, "even the best laid plans of mice, men, and the Devil can go awry."

And he disappeared like a wraith and was never seen again, at least not by either Mr. or Mrs. Anthony Danton.

(Copyright)

RUNNING foot-

steps sounded outside; then the door was flung open and Egan Crane appeared on the threshold. Behind him came Dugald, protesting volubly. But he was too late.

Egan Crane had made his entrance, a better one, if he sought dramatic effect, than any he had rehearsed as painstakingly in the solitude of his hotel bedroom.

He leaned heavily against the wall just inside the door, pointing, dishevelled, loose collar flapping about his neck, his hair awry.

While he struggled for breath he saw Flaxman, who had stepped down from the dais, the Bunce couple, and near Hetty Bunce, a young man and a girl he did not know. The woman sitting up on the dais was, of course, Miriam. For all his absorption in his own immediate affairs he thought: How old she looks.

Dugald, with a glance at Mrs. Lindel, explained: "He came bustin' in here," and laid a hand on Crane's arm. The actor shook it off and Miriam said sharply, "Dugald, who is this gentleman?"

The old fellow said again: "He came bustin' in."

She frowned down at Crane. "Who are you, sir?" she demanded sharply.

Harry Bunce started to speak, but to Crane it was almost as if she were giving him a cue.

"Miriam," he cried brokenly, moving towards her. "Don't tell me you have forgotten me. Miriam! I am your brother."

He was almost surprised that the declaration was not followed by the answering whirl of a quick curtain.

But Mrs. Lindel queried calmly: "Brother?" For a moment there was silence, all eyes centring on the newcomer, then Mrs. Lindel stepped down into the room.

"It's Toby all right," Harry Bunce told her.

Mrs. Lindel paused in front of Crane, and he made a slight movement towards her, extending his arms. But hers remained by her side. She said at last: "How did you expect me to know you? It's forty years."

"I'd have known you anywhere, Miriam," he lied, glad that without effort his voice had become slightly hoarse.

Please turn to page 22

The Australian Women's Weekly—January 31, 1948

The World's Best Mystery Fiction — ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE — at all Newsagents — I/- every month.

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

CIRQUE



FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Police sergeant reviews 36 years in the Force



SERGEANT NEARY, of Rose Bay, Sydney, who has retired after 36 years in the Police Force, is a great favorite with local children.

Sense of humor and shine of buttons led to success

By JOAN POWE, Staff Reporter

If you think a policeman's lot is not a happy one, and that fallen arches are all he'd have to show for a lifetime in the Force, you should meet Sergeant William Neary, of Rose Bay, Sydney.

After 36 years of metropolitan duties the 61-year-old sergeant still feels he chose the most exciting career in the world, has earned hundreds of friends, and, now he has retired, is starting work on his memoirs.

HE also possesses a sense of humor, which has been given play in thousands of reports and earned him an almost unique reputation for making his superiors smile.

You become aware of the sense of humor as soon as you enter the door of the Nearys' comfortable Eastern Suburbs home.

"I hope you shut my gate when you came in," he remarks, adding, in the stern official voice of the law, "you're liable to prosecution, you know, if you've left it open."

The unexpected question, coupled with the police manner, usually reduces visitors to a state in which they cannot remember if there was a gate.

With obvious delight, the Sergeant then goes on to quote the Fences and Gates Act, which is only one of the hundreds of Acts and regula-

tions of which the man in the street has never heard.

"Leaving a gate open is an offence for which you can be fined. You wouldn't believe it, now, would you?" he chuckles.

Six-foot-two, Sergeant Neary has had plenty of time to learn the little-known metropolitan regulations which are rarely enforced. For many years he was attached to Clarence and Phillip Streets stations on traffic duties, and for the last nine years was supervising sergeant at Rose Bay.

Residents of the suburb are arranging a testimonial in his honor, in appreciation of his kindness to children, and his sacrifice of his own time in their interest.

His duties as traffic sergeant, where he was in charge of 190 police, earned him the title of "The Pedestrian's Friend."

"You've got to use commonsense, be a bit of a diplomat and psychologist in the Police Force," the Sergeant said.

"I took as my motto 'Make friends and don't make enemies.' Years of experience taught me to cultivate a nice way of correcting people which avoids giving offence."

Diplomacy and psychology were both exercised in dealing with complaints about barking dogs, noisy motorists, and burglars who turned out to be cats or opossums, and in answering calls from women who had forgotten their keys.

"You'd be surprised at the number of women who lock themselves in or out of their houses, and ring the station in a great panic," the Sergeant said.

"Sometimes we can get the key fairly easily, but often it's necessary to call the fire brigade to break in."

Psychology worked

AN unusual call came from a woman asking for help with her son, aged 22, who refused to work.

When the Sergeant went round he found the young man in bed, impervious to his mother's entreaties to bestir himself.

"Psychology was called for, so I praised the boy to his mother, and said what a big strapping fellow he was. It made him feel so proud that by lunchtime that day he'd gone out and got himself a good job," he said.

Sergeant Neary was born in a small town in New South Wales. He worked for several years as an assistant to a Government mining surveyor, but as he always yearned for excitement he gave this job up for the Police Force at 3 1/2 a day.

He enjoyed his work in the Police Force so much that, although he could have retired 16 months ago, he preferred to stay on duty and to give his leave to the Police Leave Bank, for the use of other members.

We settled the whole matter of policemen's feet during the interview, after an ill-starred question concerning flat-footedness.

Hastily unfastening his shoelace, the Sergeant presented his right foot, clad in a dark purple sock.

"Take a good look," he commanded. "Does that arch appear fallen to you?"

I agreed that it was a very fine arch indeed.

"I've spent 36 years walking on those feet, and they haven't a corn or a blemish. That'll show you how false the whole idea is. Anyway, they wouldn't have a policeman in the Force if he was flatfooted."

There has been plenty of scope



SGT. NEARY when he joined the Police Force at the age of 25.

in his career for the Sergeant's love of adventure.

He has taken part in capturing bandits in a number of hold-ups, and was responsible for the arrest of two armed masked hold-up men who entered the home of racing man Jack Kouvelis last May.

Accompanied only by a probationary constable with two weeks' service, the Sergeant raced into the house, cornered the men, and brought them handcuffed back to the station.

His report is recalled with appreciative chuckles by fellow officers.

After outlining the facts and praising the probationary constable, the Sergeant wrote: "Regarding myself I am not much concerned now that the offenders are arrested. I might mention the arrest was due to the element of surprise, coupled with good strategy minus a fear complex."

"There is no doubt that the criminal element will think twice before operating on such a venture again before 7/12/47 (the date of the Sergeant's retirement), when I will be too old for hold-ups," the report concluded.

"By rights, I should have been dead many times," he says. "I've had to bluff that I had two guns instead of one, and was made a sergeant after one gunshot arrest."

Although the Sergeant has found the humorous approach cannot be taught, he has been able at least to hand on one of the main secrets of his success at winning friends and influencing people.

This, he says, was mainly due to the superlative shine of his uniform buttons, the formula for which he imparted to his juniors.

"Since the day I became a policeman I've made it a point to have the brightest buttons in the Force," he claimed.

"I spent hours and hours polishing them until they almost hurt your eyes when you looked at them."

"I am sure people in a difficult frame of mind often found their eyes glued to the buttons and became much easier to pacify or control. I suppose you'd say they had an almost hypnotic effect."

The Sergeant's kindly, grey-haired wife was never allowed to polish the buttons, or to find out the process which imparted their glorious shine.

But she says that her husband was a blaze of light when he walked down the street.



DRYING DISHES for his wife is a new chore for Sergeant Neary.

Co-operatives are helping China

By PETER TOWNSEND, of Chinese Industrial Co-operatives, now visiting Australia.

The Industrial Co-operative is one of the few good things that have come out of China's long years of war, and one of the reasons why the people themselves have been able to survive.

Started ten years ago by a group in Shanghai that included foreigners, the Co-operatives' first object was to replace the 90 per cent. of Chinese industry which was lost when the Japanese took the coast.

MOST of the co-operatives are small, membership ranging between seven and 100, and capital is correspondingly small. Some are started with as little as £20. Members who have no money may give tools or skill. Few co-operatives resemble a western factory in appearance.

A cluster of mud houses in the north, or bamboo and wooden ones in the south, with two or three larger, more substantial, buildings adjoining, set aside for workshops, is the general plan.

But these co-operatives are actually schoolrooms of democracy, in which the members elect their own chairman and managers, settle their own wages according to the volume of business, divide the profits at the year's end, and learn the advantages of production charts.

In a country which traditionally despises manual labor, co-operatives give new status and respect to a man who works with his hands.

They provide other forms of education. They run clinics and hospitals, general knowledge and literacy classes, and often in the noon recess you find a group of apprentices sitting round a table in a courtyard, and with brush and ink-slab and squared paper laboriously studying characters.

Old men who find membership gives them unexpected independence not only learn skills long lost to their part of the country, but often learn to read, too, when they had long given up hope of ever doing so.

I joined the co-operatives six years ago and spent a year studying co-operatives, reporting and inspecting. Later I took charge of central co-operative transport—36 trucks of

doubtful value and ridiculous performance, all held together by faith and string.

With the end of the war China entered a new phase, inflation could not be controlled.

During my six years there I carried a million Chinese dollars round with me for incidental expenses.

When the war ended, there was a rush to get back to the coast, to import goods cheap and sell high, to become a part of one of the big textile or shipping monopolies.

Meanwhile, the hinterland, the rural areas, where 95 per cent. of China's population lived, were being quietly forgotten, except insofar as they provided able-bodied men and food for the armies.

While this was happening the Industrial Co-operatives suffered, but the nucleus that has weathered the economic storms is stronger than before.

Non-political, the co-operatives are able to operate on both sides of political barriers.

The 1500 units still give employment to between 50,000 and 60,000 people.

Civil war has actually played into their hands by cutting communications and stopping the flow of imported goods into the interior, thus increasing the demand for locally produced articles.

They are now self-supporting groups.

To improve standards of living in one of the objects of co-operative industry, and recently one co-operative in the south-west proudly announced that members would receive three meals a day instead of the usual two.

The sense of communal responsibility developed was illustrated when a chairman of a co-operative produced a coat reserved for whoever was deputed to take the



PETER TOWNSEND, executive secretary of International Committee of Chinese Industrial Co-operatives.

weekly trip to the market town to dispose of goods and buy raw materials.

A textile co-operative on the Tibetan foothills of the south-west corner of China closed its doors, but all its reserve capital into the hands of the chairman, and sent him off to learn better methods of dyeing.

Many units will have to switch from handicrafts to machine production to meet the competition they will face in the future.

Water wheels have to be replaced with motors and generators, worn lathes, some made from melted-down coins, by precision machines.

In the past year 40 new units have been organized, among them a fishing co-operative of 600 members. Sheep were imported from New Zealand to improve the wool of the north-west.

Most Chinese are poorer far than the Japanese of to-day.

It was a shock to me to see the comparative prosperity of Japan, when, three hours air travel away in Shanghai, the streets provided so much distressing evidence of ill-clad, ill-fed people.

Throughout the ten years of their existence, valuable support for the co-operatives has come from abroad, from England, New Zealand, America, the Philippines, overseas Chinese, and Australia.

It is of vital importance that this international goodwill and practical support should continue.

The Australian Women's Weekly—January 31, 1948

MAKE, BAKE AND TAKE THE CAKE WITH AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.

"A Godsend to us"...

bedridden nearly a year,
now up and about again

If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Ruby L."

MENTHOIDS WILL HELP YOU, TOO!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this Australian family. For theirs is the story of thousands of people in Australia to-day.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and their kindred ailments are so common that they cost Australians approximately £20 millions a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your blood stream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

MENTHOIDS—the great blood medicine

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

See how quickly Menthoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Secret of MENTHOIDS TREATMENT

Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the cause of your bodily aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Menthoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Menthoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream.

More letters praising MENTHOIDS come from all corners of the Empire

Company Director writes:

"Before taking Menthoids, I had been going steadily downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel ten years younger."—R.A.M., Managing Director.

Farmer's wife says:

"I have been taking your Menthoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Menthoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain. . . I have recommended your Menthoids to three different people who have thanked me immensely for the good they have done them. . ."—Mrs. J.



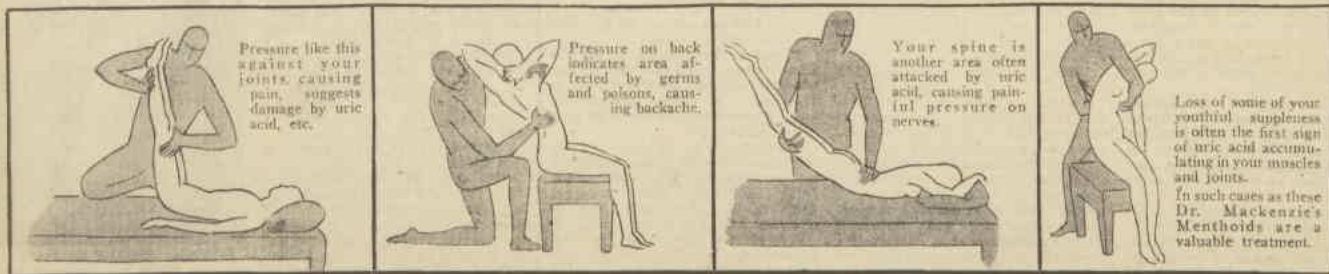
Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail.

Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.



As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

ASTROLOGICALLY the heavens are out of sorts just now, and everything about us tends to become unstable and chaotic as a result. The present period promises best conditions for Geminians, Librans, and Aquarians, who should work hard now; but for Scorpions, Leonians, and Taurians the advice is to live quietly, and make as few changes as possible.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:—
ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Caution and justice prove wisest this week, though better conditions are ahead. Plan now for them.
TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Planet-

Last appearance

OWING to newsprint rationing we regret that in future issues space will not be available for this column, "As I Read the Stars." It therefore appears this week for the last time.

any radiations can affect your life adversely now, so live quietly and avoid rashness or aggressiveness. Jan. 28, 29, Feb. 1 and 2 all unfriendly.
GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Saturday, Jan. 31, can be a wonderful day for you, as make good use of every moment of it. Feb. 1 also very good, but rest of week unhelpful.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): A difficult week. Be cautious on Jan. 30, 31, and Feb. 1 (rests). Slight gains possible on Feb. 2 and 3 (to drink).
LEO (July 22 to August 21): Beware losses, partings, and quarrels now, especially on Jan. 28, 29, Feb. 2, and 3. Routine work strongly advised.

VIRGO (August 22 to Sept. 21): Unpleasant days now, but slight benefits possible on Jan. 28 (to 3 p.m.), 29 (to 8 p.m.), and Feb. 1.

LIBRA (Sept. 22 to Oct. 21): The star's the limit for ambitious striving on Sat-



"Yeah, he knows a thing or two—but that's about all."

Jan. 31, so make the most of it. Feb. 1 and 2 (evenings) also good.
SCORPIO (Oct. 22 to Nov. 21): Trouble is easy to find this week, especially on Jan. 28, 29, Feb. 2 and 3. Routine tasks strongly advised.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 21): Ticky days on Jan. 28, 29, Feb. 2, and 3, so be cautious. Jan. 31 and Feb. 1 can prove unexpectedly fortunate.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Jan. 28 (midday), 29 (to 8 p.m.), and Feb. 1 (after dark) can all be fair, but rest of week poor.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Seek gains and changes on Jan. 31, which is truly excellent from zero to midnight. Feb. 1 (to noon) also good.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Jan. 28 and 29 upsetting, but Jan. 31 and Feb. 1 can be unexpectedly pleasing. Feb. 2 (evening) also quite good.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Your Coupons

TEA: 1-12 (1-4 expire Feb. 22),
BUTTER: 1-2-3 (expire Feb. 22),
MEAT: Red, 10-18 (10-21 become available Feb. 9); Blue, 17-19 (21-23 become available Feb. 9).
CLOTHING: 1-56 (1847), 1-58 (1848).



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored
pearls. Also on board yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. After many adventures
they reached Amoz Island, inhabited by a tribe
of women warriors, who capture Mandrake and
the Colonel and bring them to the Queen.

Intrigued by Mandrake's magic, the Queen decides to make him her new husband, and orders the present king's death. Mandrake intervenes, and hypnotises the timid king into believing he is no longer afraid of his wife. The other males follow his example, and the women's rule seems ended.
NOW READ ON:



AND A NEW ERA BEGINS ON AMOZ ISLAND.



THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND, NOW THE KING, JOYFULLY WATCHES HIS WIFE COOK—THEN DECIDES TO SAMPLE HER COOKING. "PUT THAT DOWN," SHE SNAPS. "THAT'S FOR SUPPER."



"WE ARE NOW FREE TO LEAVE WHEN WE WISH. THIS TRANSFORMATION IS AMAZING," SAYS COL. BARTON. MANDRAKE SMILES. "THE WOMEN ARE STILL THE BOSSES, ONLY NOW, THE MEN DON'T KNOW IT."



FOR A SHORT TIME, THE MALES PARADE THEIR NEW POWER. "HAVE OUR MEALS READY BY SUNDOWN," THE KING TELLS HIS NOW-MEEK QUEEN. "WE MALES ARE GOING HUNTING."



AND THE PROUD MALES START OFF ON THEIR FIRST HUNT, TAKING THE PLACE OF THE AMAZONS WHO, FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL, HAD ALWAYS DONE THE HUNTING...



BUT THE MALES ARE LIKE FISHES OUT OF WATER. THEY'VE NEVER HUNTED BEFORE—AND AT THEIR FIRST SIGHT OF A FEROCIOUS WILD BOAR—THEY FORGET THEIR NEW-FOUND DIGNITY—



HEARING THE MEN'S CRIES, THE AMAZONS RUSH TO THE RESCUE—THE QUEEN SPEARS THE BEAST WITH A SINGLE DEADLY THROUST—



AND THE SPELL, BEGUN WITH MANDRAKE'S MAGIC, IS BROKEN! "WE'VE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE!" ROARS THE AMAZON QUEEN.

TO BE CONTINUED



BRIDEGROOM Bruce Rankin removes lipstick when he is kissed by guest at reception at Plicknick Club after wedding at St. Mark's, while his bride (formerly Mona Miller, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Miller, of Vaucluse, look on. Bruce is Assistant Trade Commissioner for Canada. He and Mona will leave for Shanghai later in the year to take up residence.



MOREE INTEREST. Pretty bride, Mrs. Darrell Procter leaving St. Mark's, Darling Point, with her husband after their marriage. Betty is elder daughter of the H. J. Morgans. Moree. Darrell is elder son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Procter, of Mosman. They will make their home in Sydney.



POPULAR COUPLE. Barbara Fairfax and fiance, John Gilchrist, who have just announced engagement. Barbara is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Fairfax, of Edgecliff.

Intimate Gossipings

ARRIVAL of American Task Force this Friday and parties planned during four days' Sydney stay, together with gala opening of Ballet Rambert at Tivoli this Saturday, lift Sydney out of January doldrums and set social whirl off again.

On night of Task Force's arrival Rear-Admiral Farncomb will entertain officers from the aircraft-carrier Valley Forge, oiler Mississippi, and four destroyers, Keppler, Lloyd Thomas, William M. Wood, and W. C. Lowe.

This Saturday the American Consul-General in Sydney, Mr. Orsen Nielsen, and Mrs. Nielsen will entertain officers at a late afternoon reception at the Australia Hotel.

AMERICAN Ambassador, Mr. Robert Butler, and Mrs. Butler will entertain the Admiral Rear-Admiral Harold M. Martin, and his staff at the American Embassy, Canberra, on Sunday, and on Monday night Mr. Butler has invited officers from the ships to attend a dinner dance at Prince's. On Monday a buffet luncheon will be given by Australian American Association at Trocadero. Rear-Admiral Martin will give a tea dance on board Valley Forge on February 3.

ORION, en route from England, is bringing "Tommy" Cochran, one of Mayfair's best-known Australians, back home to settle here. Noted host, man about town, and friend of celebrities, he's been living in London for past fifteen years.

On arrival, he will spend one night at Menzies, in Melbourne, then come on to Sydney before returning to make home in native Melbourne.

LOVELY holiday in Sydney for Pat Sargood, who comes here with her mother, Mrs. Dorothy Sargood. Sue Playfair entertains Pat, Marcia Moses, and Dorothy Reece at lunch at Romano's during week, and another day Mrs. Jim Sargood entertains Sue, Marcia, and Pat at Prince's at luncheon before going on to a film.

PRISCILLA JANE are names chosen by Tim and Betty Osborne for their new daughter who arrived recently. Tim and Betty are still living in Brisbane, and Tim's mother, Mrs. Mona Osborne, from Camden, has been up staying with them.

VISIT to Sydney and then Melbourne to look around for her trousseau is planned by Dorothy Bruderlin, of Dubbo, who has just announced engagement to Pat Fitzhardinge, also of Dubbo. Dorothy arrives in Sydney this Tuesday to spend some time with her sister, Mrs. N. C. Easterbrook, of Lane Cove. Pat and Dorothy have planned their wedding for May, in their hometown. Dorothy is wearing a lovely solitaire diamond engagement ring.

PRETTY Mrs. Peter Fulton is grass widow few days after her marriage with Lieut. (S) Peter Fulton, R.A.N., as her husband, who is member of Rear-Admiral Farncomb's staff, sets sail for nine weeks' absence from Sydney when Navy visits Tasmania and New Zealand. Shirley and Peter chose St. Michael's, Vaucluse, for their marriage.

SMART luncheon group at Romano's mid-week when Moyas Barnes entertained Noanthe McKersie, of Scotland, who will return to her native land soon, included Mrs. Rod Brown, Mrs. George Bradford, Molly Oxenham, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jimmy Barnes. Moyas and Mollie leave in Orion on February 7 for trip to England.

CAR-RACING thrills order of Foundation Day holiday with visitors from far and near for Grand Prix at Point Cook, Melbourne.

Early arrivals are Mrs. Alf Barrett, who has been down from Sydney for a month, holidaying at Portsea with children Alfred and Louise, and Sydneysider Sheila Smart, who stays with the Bill Ingrams.

Other New South Wales enthusiasts include John Snow, Dr. and Mrs. Ian Potts (guests of Mrs. Potts' brother, John Barracough, at South Yarra), Mr. and Mrs. Jack Field, of Red Hill station, Gundagai, the Jim Fagans, from Cowra, and from Benalla come the David Pittendrighs.

BEFORE returning to "Umagaree" station, near Wellington, six-footer Tony Pett presents lovely solitaire diamond engagement ring to popular Pam Cowper. They announce engagement when Tony goes down for three weeks' visit to his parents, the Vernon Petts. No wedding plans yet, I hear from Pam's mother, Mrs. Bill Cowper, of Melbourne, who also tells me her sister, Mrs. Stokes Hughes, is in Melbourne from Malaya, and with children, Tony and Susan, will spend January at Brown's River, Tasmania.

WHITE broderie anglaise chosen by Helen Logan for her wedding gown when she marries Bill Mead at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. Helen, who is the youngest daughter of Mrs. E. M. Logan, of Narrabri, and of late Mr. Henry Logan, had Mrs. Max Cramsie, of Brisbane, as matron of honor. Muriel and Winifred Watt and Julia Shaw, nieces of the bride, were flower-girls. Mrs. Cramsie wore blue broderie anglaise, and the little girls wore similar dresses in pink. Helen and Bill, who is the younger son of the W. J. S. Meads, of Collareey, were congratulated on all sides at reception at Plicknick Club. Lots of country folk from Moree district were invited to the wedding.



HONOR FOR AIRMAN. Mrs. Peter Butler-Yeats admires Croix-de-Guerre decoration which her husband, Flt.-Lieut. Butler-Yeats, was recently invested with in Brisbane. Peter brings decoration with him when he comes to Sydney to visit wife and daughter, Penelope.



ENJOYING QUEENSLAND SUNSHINE. Pretty Jill McDonald, of Sydney, and her cousin, David Pie, returning to the Bruce Pies' house at Surfers' Paradise after day on the beach. Jill's attractive beach outfit is in clover-pink, patterned with tiny cream shells.



MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT Kim Beasley, M.H.R., of Claremont, Western Australia, with his bride-to-be, Betty Judge. Couple will marry at Christ Church, Claremont, on February 7, and spend honeymoon in Sydney; later travel to opening session of Parliament at Canberra.

WE have received a little book of verse, "Out of the Wreck" by Alfred Thom, which is the result of one of those rare triumphs of the human spirit over great disabilities.

Mr. Thom, who served in the first World War with the A.I.F., has been bedridden for 23 years. For the greater part of that time he has been unable to move his limbs at all. He spent six years in Graythwaite Red Cross Home at North Sydney, and is now in the Lidcombe, N.S.W., State Hospital.

In 1944 he contracted trititis and lost the sight of one eye. For some time he was unable to read at all. One day, listening to the radio, he heard about a competition for eight lines of verse on a current topic. He entered, and won a small prize.

The result was that he began to compose verse, which he memorised so that a friend, when visiting, could write it down for him.

"To chronic invalids like myself, especially those who are unable to use a pen," he writes in his foreword, "I recommend memorising lines of verse as a splendid occupation for the mind, and one that will create many pleasant hours."

"The last three years of the 23 years in which I have been confined to bed have been full of interest. They are the years that have given me most satisfaction."

Good luck to Mr. Thom. We hope that lots of people buy his little book.

A GROUP of New York physicians and psychiatrists has issued a report stating that there is a condition called "psychic nose," which is difficult to tell from the common cold. It is caused, they say, not by a germ but by emotional conflict. They quoted a case of a shop assistant who always got a cold after a quarrel with her boy-friend.

War graves in Japan

GRAVES of Australian servicemen buried in Japan are situated in a section of the British War Cemetery outside Yokohama. The cemetery was formerly a large park.

At one end are the graves, on a gentle slope bordered by the wide road that runs through the park. Smooth lawns dip down from the road to a pretty little valley. Then the well-wooded land rises sharply a couple of hundred feet.

Through the trees at the summit can be seen a memorial to the Japanese war dead of World War I, when they were our allies.

No war graves could be more carefully tended. The drive from Tokyo to Yokohama takes about two hours, and many members of the Occupation Forces make a pilgrimage to this hallowed spot.

In the fine offices just inside the entrance to the cemetery every courtesy is extended to visitors. Full records are immediately available, and it is an easy matter to locate any grave.

It is a harsh fate which sends a man to his death in an alien land. Yet here is gentleness and a tranquil resting-place, where Nature, it seems, offers the Truce of God "that his spirit may have rest."



"According to my compass we've got to go south by south-east."

Command performance

FIRST-HAND impressions of the Royal Family are given in a letter written to his mother, Mrs. A. C. Stead, of Sydney, by Australian pianist Harold Stead, who, with his English singer partner, Ethel Revell, has just given a command performance at Windsor Castle.

"We talked for quite a long time after the performance to the King, Queen, and Princess Margaret," he writes. "The three of them have an extraordinary way of making you feel at ease. They are just like any nice English family."

"Princess Margaret told us that during the honeymoon she missed her sister terribly. Once, she said, when a film of the Royal wedding was run off for the family, she cried."

"Her photographs don't do her justice. She is really a beauty, with a glorious complexion and smile." Since leaving Australia nine years ago, Harold Stead has been accompanied to Grace Fields, worked with colored American singer Elisabeth Welch, and conducted a musical comedy produced by Noel Coward's friend Elsie April.

Before being called to Windsor Castle, he and his partner had just completed a tour of the variety houses of England, finishing up with an engagement at the Empire Theatre, London.

Harold, who is 38 and a bachelor, is making a name for himself as a voice coach, and has a studio in Bond Street, London. Before he went away he worked for five years with Bert Howell's theatre orchestra in Melbourne as pianist, organist and singer.

WE have been told that the aborigines say that when the gum trees bloom twice in the season there'll be no summer. We are also told that flowering gums round Sydney are blooming for the second time.

And—here we go from hearsay to fact—Sydney's summer this year has been negligible.

Disappointing

CABLES recently flashed all over the world the news that a stamp dealer in Western Australia, Mr. R. Haydock, had discovered a 100-year-old Mauritius stamp, worth £4500.

Shortly after came the sad news that the stamp was a forgery. We called on Mr. Haydock to see how he felt about this.

Mr. Haydock told us ruefully that he felt a bit silly.

He is a young man with a Manchester accent, has travelled the world buying and selling stamps, and served with the R.A.S.C. in England during the war.

He had felt from the beginning, he said, that the stamp may be a forgery, as the surface felt too flat, as though it were lithographed instead of engraved.

But friends prevailed on him to send it to Mr. H. R. Harmer, a famous stamp dealer who was visiting Sydney.

Mr. Harmer confirmed Mr. Haydock's suspicions, said it was a beautiful copy, but that the cancellation marks were different from those used at the time.

"By that time," said Mr. Haydock wryly, "the news had gone all over the world."

"However, some years ago I found some old American stamps and thought they must be forgeries. But they were genuine, and when I sold them I got a very good price, almost 150 times what I had paid for them."

"And the man who bought them from me sold them to another dealer and made a fortune."

Animal Antics

"BRING BACK, O-O-O-O"
"BRING BACK, O-O-O-O"



"That's the retriever's 'fight' song."

Too many prodigies

A UNIVERSITY student who filled in part of his vacation behind a bookshop counter during the pre-Christmas rush gives us the salesman's angle:

"I never knew there were so many intelligent children," he said disgustedly.

"Mothers buying books always came up to me and said that their

child was nine, but extremely intelligent."

"Whenever I brought them a book suitable for a nine-year-old they would say it was too young for their child."

"I used to feel like recommending James Joyce or Gertrude Stein."

But the customers he disliked most were those who collected a pile of books, compared the numbers of pages, and took the one with the most pages for the money!

Well rewarded

THE recent publication by Mr. Russell Grimwade of "Flinders Lane," telling the early history of Melbourne's famous street of wholesalers, has started reminiscences about the central figure in the book, the late Alfred Felton.

Bachelor philanthropist Mr. Felton made huge cultural and charitable gifts, including the Felton Bequest to buy pictures for the Melbourne Art Gallery.

His main preoccupation in his later years was to find how he could bequeath his huge fortune to make Australia, the country of his adoption, a happier place.

Melbourne's favorite story about him begins one afternoon when he was sitting alone in a quiet corner at a fete for the Presbyterian Church.

A young girl, thinking he looked lonely, approached him and offered him a cup of tea.

The old man was delighted by her consideration. Later he sought her name and added it to the list of beneficiaries under his will. She received an annuity of £200 a year.



"I always like to be busy at something myself."

Police, they're wonderful

THIS week we had a letter from Mrs. V. Powderham, of Welling, Kent, England. She writes:

"I want to say a big thank you to the Australian police of Melbourne for the food parcels which they send for sick members of our Police Force."

"My husband was a London policeman until discharged on account of stomach ulcers. The special diet required for this complaint is out of the question on British rations, but, thanks to the contents of the Australian police parcels, my hubby has had a number of nourishing meals to help him; and how grateful I am!"

"There is a world-wide saying that 'London police are wonderful,' but I think Australian police are wonderful, too."

Fashion Flashes



Demure but fetching

Fine white cotton panties—bra to match. Mated with broderie anglaise plus thin black velvet ribbons for extra fun. Remember all your undies will look bright and new three times longer with gentle Lux care.

Warm weather standout

Blinding white, spiked with candy-bright stripes—high to the throat—flung to the side. Easy to keep lettuce-crisp with nightly Lux dips to whisk out perspiration. Lux keeps colours gay and lovely so much longer.

Match-less beauty

Fine silk blouse embroidered with (of all things) match-box covers. Nice idea! Dips in velvety Lux suds will keep that high-fashion look—season after season.

That smart look... it's the LUX LOOK!

U.342.55

Gay as the
mood they inspire



Constant and true . . . Caesar fabrics . . . for the frivolous occasion, for brightening the work-a-day scene, or to give that prim and proper look when formality requires. But lovely, always, in a fresh, light-hearted way, with emphasis on youth and chic. Where fashion and quality pay tribute to beauty, there Caesar fabrics reign supreme.



CAESAR FABRICS

THE BLUNTS: No mushrooms on the green sward

Written and illustrated
by JILL BLUNT

HERE still seemed a tremendous amount of holiday left, and Taffy and Penny were burning with indignation because we never took them to circuses or anything, so we went for a picnic to shut them up.

Actually the whole thing was Uncle Edward's idea, and as we seemed to have an inordinate number of house guests we took them, too, in a convoy.

Uncle Edward arrived too bright and too early with a hamper crammed with cold chickens, which he'd cooked himself, and egg and bacon pies.

He was accompanied by a large rather anti-social dog, a city dog, who he maintained was in dire need of experiencing the stimulating smells of the countryside.

And because we are busy-minded people, and feel that all pleasure should be instructive as well as pleasant, we planned a stodge tour of the Oldest Buildings in Australia.

Also, that we might not have idle fingers, we took baskets for mushrooms, although I explained painstakingly that the immediate climate, the hottest day since 1910, was not conducive to mushroom development.

After the most bitter and involved launching, at which a bottle of orange pop was smashed, not on the stern of the leading automobile, but over the left front mudguard, we headed for the cow-pasture land, where there are not only cows, but ancient houses and churches, and mushrooms.

Knowing full well that half of us would get lost, we made a rendezvous. "First stop, Vinegar Hill!" we cried, and were away.

Wedges of melon

I HATE picnics, and therefore retired to the nethermost corner of the back seat and sulked. We were not long on the road when a water-melon stall beckoned. . . . such watermelons I have never seen.

Soon, a 14-pounder was lobbed in my lap. I began hacking wedges from it, and handing them to my voracious children, less to please them than to lighten the burden.

When they weighed about six pounds less they lay back so much heavier, looking mildly intoxicated, and cast lazy eyes about in search of edible fungi.

My husband, who is full of ideas for the entertainment of small boys, offered a silver stipend to the first person to spot a mushroom.

At the first vacant allotment in the outer suburbs, Taffy set up a violent yelping; he'd seen a mushroom. I'd seen it, too, and am still convinced it was the bottom of an old breakfast cup, for the unsavory paddock was littered with similar relics.

Taffy was black with fury, and a good ten miles farther on he was still waiting for his lost mushroom, or stipend. . . .

"But honest, Dad, you shouldn't believe Jill just because she's jealous because she didn't see it first. . . . she's diabolical, that's what!" Diabolical is the Word of the Month.

"Don't you dare call my mother diabolical," said Penny, defending me like mad, because I had charge of the watermelon. "I bet it was a tadpole."

"Aw, how could it be? They gotter live in ponds!"

"Not so. . . . tadpoles are poisonous mushrooms aren't they, my sweet, and you die if you touch them, an' they're enormous, too."

"Penny, Penny, tadpoles!"

"Well, Julia calls them tadpoles, and I like Julia, and I'm going to call them tadpoles if I like."

"Penny, believe me, I don't care if you call them golliwogs—I'm just not interested."

"I'll call them tadpoles if you

like," he offered graciously. . . . then, "Could I just have a chicken wing?"

"Indeed not! Besides, the basket, if you remember, is ten miles behind with Uncle Edward." At this everybody pulled a face and wanted to know why I hadn't packed emergency rations.

"We go for the worstest picnics," moaned the boys, and shuddered violently as they accepted another crescent of melon. . . . then Penny hit the ceiling with a whoop! . . . "A mushroom! As big as a moon! Stop! STOP!"

This we thought was as good a place as any to wait for Uncle Edward to catch up, and to beg a morsel of food from him. I was famished myself.

Either side of us stretched a vast expanse of rich grazing land that looked just like grandmamma's green plush tablecloth.

"Can we look for mushrooms?" cried the boys, gripping a massive basket apiece.

"Okay," I sighed, and, hastily de-

Last appearance

● Owing to newsprint cuts and the consequent reduction in the size of The Australian Women's Weekly, publication of The Blunts will be discontinued from this issue.

Many readers have expressed their appreciation of this lively feature and we feel sure they will regret having to part company with The Blunts.

termining the gender of the browning kine, helped the hunters through the prickly wire fence.

The beasts of the field sneered at us. . . . they knew how hypnotic the quest for the unattainable can be. Ever onwards over the deceptive sward, which was full of ruts and potholes and somnolent serpents, we followed our will o' the wips.

Far away we discerned Uncle Edward's party belatedly struggling with the barbed wire, and plodding and stooping and running and bounding. . . . they must have struck mushrooms.

Immediately we abandoned our sterile field to join them—and met half-way, exhibiting empty baskets. "I told you so," I said.



THE BOYS were presented with a tortoise each, with one to spare, and were well content.

"What were you picking, then?" we asked savagely. . . . "Tortoises," they cried triumphantly. . . . "We found three!" And to our utter amazement they had.

The boys were presented with a tortoise each, with one to spare, and were well content.

After that we took lunch standing, because of the bull-ants, with

the city dog biting us every time we went near the food department, because he thought it belonged to Uncle Edward and we were burglars.

Then we set out for a Historical Place, and never saw each other again until we blew into the home base on the wings of a violent storm. . . . drenched, bedraggled, and bitter, saying, "never again," which is what we always say after a picnic.

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● Because supplies of newsprint have been reduced as a result of the necessity to curtail dollar spending, "If I Were You" will not appear again until more paper is available.

It is nearly a year since we started this feature. During that time a great number of people have written to me. They have been unhappy, uncertain about problems of etiquette, or anxious to get advice on other personal difficulties.

IN all cases, I have read the letters with interest, thought about them, and tried to give advice that would really help. I hope the courses of action I have suggested have been wise.

If I have written at length about tactfulness, kindness, tolerance, and good manners, it is because I think these are the things that make life run smoothly.

The thoughtful action is always preferable to the selfish, the one that considers the other person's feelings almost always better than the one that does not. Greediness

and self-glorification seldom bring a lasting reward.

Good-bye for now. I hope that before very long we will meet again.

● IS it necessary when sitting with strangers at a table in a restaurant to ask their permission to smoke?

Perhaps not absolutely necessary, but it is certainly courteous.

● ELIZABETH seems too long a name for a little girl. Can you suggest how we could shorten it? Why not call her Libby?

THE girl I have been engaged to for three years has broken two wedding dates. I suspect her work of being more important to her than marriage. What should I do?

Give her one more chance. If she makes another marriage date, and breaks that, you will have to face up to the fact that her work does come first. Self-respect demands that you insist on a better deal than you have been given to date.

● IS it customary to take a present along when going to a house-warming party?

It isn't exactly customary, but sometimes it is done. In this case, find out what the other guests are doing, and take a small present, or not, accordingly.

● BECAUSE he is neglected by his father, our little boy leans to me, causing his father to say I am taking him from him. What should I do?

The father-son relationship is peculiarly important to every father, whether he admits it or not. That between your husband and child is strained just now. As a wife and mother it is your business to build it up to what it should be. Do this by never seeming to encourage your son to prefer you to his father, take his troubles to you rather than to him, seek you out as a playmate and confidant in preference to his father. Build each up in the other's eyes, and the relationship should straighten itself out.

● WHAT of an engaged girl who says that even when she is married she will continue to send affectionate messages to an ex-husband?

I am no believer in girls sinking their identity when they marry, or at any other time. But I don't believe that girls who marry for love want to be bothered sending messages of an affectionate nature to other men. I think the girl you mention is determined not to sink her personality in that of the man she marries, and is making a purely formal protest.

If she is serious about it, and intends to carry out her threat, she is branding herself as the sort of girl no man in his right senses wants to marry.

FOR the past years I have lived very quietly with my family. When in my teens I made what proved to be an unwise marriage. I am free now, and trying to forget the past, but though kind, my family will not let me. How can I make them?

If you married when under 21, you did so with your parents' permission. It is their duty to help you get on your feet again. Try and make them see it this way. As well, cultivate outside friends of your own age. Their company will help you. Remember, when you feel critical of your family, the young people get over things more quickly than old.

WHAT are teen-agers supposed to do when an older person makes a statement that they have reason to know isn't right? I know to contradict flatly isn't polite, but it seems weak-kneed just to agree.

I don't think good manners insist on anyone agreeing outright with something they know to be incorrect. But there are ways — and ways — of differing. If you know what you are talking about and can quote a reliable source of information, perhaps more up-to-date than that you have just heard, I cannot imagine any sensible person minding if you voice it. If you are merely advancing a point of view, do it politely and with modesty.

What you have to say may be interesting, may even be right. But don't adopt a know-all, bumptious air.

ALTHOUGH I have my mother's approval, my brother does everything he can to stop me being friendly with a certain boy. Instead of dialling the boy, I find myself resenting my brother. Can you help?

There is such a thing as male antagonism. As well, when one man really dislikes another, there is usually some reason for it. You will only find out which of these it is by asking your brother. You have every right to be annoyed if he is merely interfering. If, as a brother, he is protecting your interests according to his own lights, you must respect him for that.

A SIMPLE point of etiquette caused a family argument. Should the prongs of a fork be placed down or up when it is finished with?

They should be placed so that they turn up.



"A word to the wise is sufficient—the kitchen has been mopped!"

The Australian Women's Weekly—January 31, 1948

No excuse for discoloured streaks in your hair—long lasting Hillcastle Hair Pencil matches normal colouring—7 shades.

The Duke of Windsor's Memoirs

Continued from page 7

IN June I was caught up in the sequence of splendor leading to my father's Coronation and, shortly afterwards, the lesser occasion of my investiture as Prince of Wales. Henceforth the demands of my inheritance would press upon me ever more fiercely.

The Garter ceremony was my introduction to the orders of chivalry, and at 16 I took the business in my stride.

June 10, 1911.
"... Father and Mother went into the Garter Room. I waited in the Rubens Room. My Uncle Arthur (Duke of Connaught) and Cousin Arthur came for me. Between them I walked up the great room, bowing three times! Then Papa put the Garter, Riband, and Star on me, and I went around the table shaking hands with each knight in turn. I kissed both Papa and Mama's hands..."

My father's Coronation took place a fortnight later—surely one of the most splendid spectacles in British history, with 50,000 troops in full-dress uniform lining the route.

Buckingham Palace.
June 22, 1911.

"Papa's and Mama's Coronation Day. Papa rated me a midshipman. I breakfasted early and saw Mama and Papa at 9.00 and then dressed in my Garter clothes and robes and left in a state carriage at 10.00 with Mary and the brothers. We arrived at the Abbey at 10.30 and walked up the nave and choir to my seat in front of the peers.

"All the relatives and people were most civil, and bowed to me as they passed. Then Mama and Papa came in and the ceremony commenced.

"There was the Recognition, the Anointing, and the crowning of Papa, and then I put on my coronet with the peers. Then I had to go and do homage to Papa and his throne, and I was very nervous.

"Then Mama was crowned. We got into our carriage and had a long drive back. My coronet felt very

heavy, and we had to bow to the people as we went along..."

Kneeling at my father's feet I swore:

"I, Edward, Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God."

When my father kissed my cheeks his emotion was great, as was mine. These affairs reached a climax for me a month later with my investiture as Prince of Wales.

Not the least remarkable aspect of this particular ceremony was its revival by the Welsh Liberal leader, David Lloyd George, who only a few years before had shocked my family with his famous Limehouse speech which attacked inherited privilege.

With an eye to what would please his sentimental constituents, "L.G." proposed that the ceremony be transformed into a spectacular Welsh pageant.

My father agreed.
Mr. Lloyd George became my coach in the Welsh language, and I still have, written in his own hand, some of the Welsh sentences he taught me to speak at the investiture.

One was "Mor o gan yw Cymru i ryd," meaning "All Wales is a sea of song."

Mr. Lloyd George made me repeat these over and over again, saying with a twinkle, "All Welshmen will love you for that."

Out of these meetings, despite our differences in years—and I might add, in politics—grew a friendship that lasted until his death.

Not that was not all.
The ceremony I had to go through with the speech I had to make, and the Welsh I had to speak, were,

I thought, sufficient ordeal for anyone.

But when a tailor appeared to measure me for a fantastic costume designed for the occasion, consisting of a mantle and surcoat of purple velvet edged with ermine, and white satin breeches, I decided things had gone too far.

I had already submitted to the Garter dress and robe, for which there existed a condoning historical precedent; but what would my Navy friends say if they saw me in this preposterous rig?

There was a family blow-up that night, but in the end my mother, as always, smoothed things over.

"You mustn't take a mere ceremony so seriously," she said. "Your friends will understand that as a Prince you are obliged to do certain things that may seem a little silly. It will be only for this once."

I also got the impression, although the thought was never actually put into words, that if I only did what was asked it would help Papa in his dealings with the difficult Mr. Lloyd George.

So on a sweltering summer day within the vast grey ruin of Carnarvon Castle, before some 10,000 people, with Winston Churchill, as Home Secretary, mellifluously proclaiming my titles (he told me afterward that he rehearsed them on the golf course), my father invested me as Prince of Wales.

Upon my head he put a coronet cap as token of principality, and into my hand the gold verge of government, and on my middle finger the gold ring of responsibility.

Then, leading me by the hand through an archway to one of the towers of the battlements, he presented me to the people of Wales.

Half fainting of heat and nervousness, I delivered the Welsh sentences which Mr. Lloyd George, standing close by in the ancient garb of constable, had taught me. In the midst of all this commotion, I made a painful discovery about myself.

It was that, while I was prepared to fulfil the duties bound up in my heritage, I recoiled from that which tended to set me up as a personage requiring homage.



MY FIRST CAR was a Daimler. I got it in my second year at Oxford. My father gave me permission to drive on my 18th birthday.

After all, hadn't my father drilled into me that I was no better than anybody else?

And if my association with the village boys at Sandringham and the cadets of the naval colleges had done anything for me, it was to make me desperately anxious to be treated exactly like any other boy of my age.

In any case, my father, sending what was going on in my mind, arranged for me to go to sea at once, as a midshipman.

More than that he personally selected the ship—the coal-burning battleship *Hindustan*, commanded by Captain Henry Hervey Campbell, his old friend and shipmate.

The most junior "snotty" in the gun room, I served three months aboard the *Hindustan*, cruising up and down the East Coast of Britain.

This experience afloat provided the climax—a slightly delayed climax—of my four years' naval training and exactly the kind of life for which I had been prepared and which I quite naturally wished to pursue as a career.

In my diary, October 26—the day I left and returned to London—I wrote:

"... They sang 'God Bless the Prince of Wales' and 'Auld Lang Syne,' which touched me much. They cheered as the (steamboat)

shoved off and so ended one of the happiest periods of my life..."

We drove to Buckingham Palace and I saw Davies the tailor who tried on a lot of clothes. Papa wishes me to get into tails and dress clothes and I shall look an ass. But still it must be done some time..."

Since it was the shooting season I went by train to Sandringham and there I learned what my father had in mind for me.

"You must remember, David," he began, "that I, too, loved the Navy, and I am therefore well aware that what I am about to say will disappoint you."

Characteristically, he went to the point. First, I must give up the Navy—"too specialised."

Second, I was to take several short educational trips to France and Germany—"very important that you should learn their languages and study their politics."

Third, I was to go to Oxford for three years.

It was the Oxford part that took me by surprise. The promise of travel in Europe compensated somewhat for the loss of a naval career.

But Oxford was unexpected for the reason that my father, who had little sympathy for experiences different from his own, had always taken a dim view of college dons and professors.

In Navy fashion, he regarded them as impractical, unworshipful people whose lives and ways were alien to his own.

Wondering, therefore, what lay behind his sudden interest in Oxford, I protested that as I had neither the mind nor will for books, my years at a university would be wasted.

"If I cannot stay in the Navy, please let me go round the world as you did," I pleaded, "and learn about the different countries and their people first-hand."

My father was obdurate, and eventually it emerged that Hansell was the villain of the Oxford plot.

"It was Hansell's idea," said my father, "and you are to go to his old college, Magdalen."

What I had to say to the poor man after I left the library was—to use a highly satisfactory American phrase—nobody's business.

My father was then preparing to leave for his Coronation Durbar in India, and no doubt wishing to make up to me for this quick succession of blows to my youthful aspirations, he told me that I could have the run of Sandringham, with its fine shooting, during his three-month absence.

I passed a wonderful autumn and winter there, tramping the fens and marshes with Finch and Mr. Jones, the local schoolmaster.

My grandmother was living in the Big House, with her unmarried daughter, Victoria, or "Aunt Tonia," as we always called her.

The great house parties were no more; but I used to walk over in the evening to play cards with Aunt Tonia and chat with my grandmother.

She had by then become quite an old lady; elegant and graceful of manner, with delicately chiselled features and high coiffure, she was still recognisable as the lovely young woman whose portrait by Lauchert, painted at the time of her wedding,



Anderson. Self.



Major and. Colonel Capt. Lord. Garter. Lord. Self. Major. Captain.



Self x Escoffier.

BEAGLING WAS ONE of my favorite sports at Oxford, and two days a week I used to hunt the hare on foot with the New College, Magdalen, and Trinity Pock. We had dirty faces after cooling ship, one of the less glamorous chores in the Royal Navy of my day. All the gun-room officers had to help. Escoffier's role was to teach me all things French during my visit to France.



George Self Bertie Harry.



PORTLAND OCT 26th 1911



Self Aunt Augusta.



Francis & Self.

VARIED DOINGS between the ages of 16 and 26 are shown in these photographs, but one of the times I looked forward to most was the holidays in Scotland with my four brothers, Bertie, Harry, George, (in the snapshot shown here), and John. As a midshipman I went to sea in "H.M.S. Hindustan." Later I helped to celebrate the 51st birthday of Aunt Augusta, my mother's aunt (Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz), during my German tour by putting on my full-dress naval uniform. In Paris I stayed with the Marquis de Breteuil, who had been a close friend of my grandfather. One of the de Breteuil boys, Francis, is shown here with me.

in the private dining-room at Sandringham.

her charm was irresistible, and she was such serious disabilities as deafness, acute deafness, and re- sponding unaccountably in a family to run by clockwork.

The end of her life at Sandringham was attended by her small court, of which one was Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., Queen's Comptroller, a position which he had earlier served King and VII.

ever a man looked the part of a sound chairman of a sound, con- siderable educational institution, it was the gallant Sir Dighton; his head flowing over his chest and his face filled the most suspicious with confidence.

It was a matter of painful recollection to our family that Sir Dighton's cavalryman's bravura had contributed to numerous exploits during the Indian war while he was colonel of the 11th Hussars, when transferred to the field of high finance had a tendency to produce results compar- ison with the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

My father watched with uncon- cealed misgivings while Sir Dighton created at Sandringham costly rock gardens complete with rustic shel- ters, all dedicated with respectful address to "The Divine Lady."

During this last Sandringham in- terlude my constant companion was my brother George, the last but one of the family and later the Duke of Kent.

My two brothers, Bertie and Harry (now Duke of Gloucester), were both away at school, and, al- though George was eight-and-a- half years my junior I found in his character qualities that were akin to my own; we laughed at the same things.

That winter we became more than brothers; we became close friends.

His death in an airplane accident during the last war left a void in my life.

The foreign phase of my educa- tion began in the spring of 1912 with a four-month trip to France.

Hansell and Finch accompanied me on this adventure, and, resorting to the convenient royal practice of

the incognito, I travelled as the "Earl of Chester."

The fact that I had temporarily ceased to call myself the Prince of Wales fooled no one; but the French Government was relieved of having to render the honors due to me as British Heir Apparent, and I, on my side, escaped the ordeal of having to respond to them.

There was, however, no such re- lieve from the Press; my public life had begun, and from Paris, my second night in a foreign land, I wrote to my father:

There were a great many pho- tographers at the Gare du Nord, and they let off a flashlight as I was getting out of the train, which was very disconcerting. They are a great nuisance, and there were about ten on board the steamer, and they followed one about the whole time. I noticed on the way (from the Gare du Nord) the chairs and tables in front of the cafes which you told me about. But as it was very cold, the chairs were de- serted.

In Paris I stayed with the Marquis de Breteuil, who had been a close friend of my grandfather.

With his American wife he lived in a fine house on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, near the Arc de Triomphe.

I had a suite to myself far superior to any accommodation I had pre- viously known at home.

The elegant boiserie rooms on the second floor exuded the flavor of le beau monde.

And the de Breteuil's weekly lunch parties were attended by attractive women and the most stimulating minds in France—statesmen, artists, writers, financiers.

The explosive atmosphere of politics and art peculiar to all French salons is a pretty heady mix- ture.

And while everybody was unfail- ingly polite to the young British Prince, I am afraid they put me down as just another uncultivated Englishman speaking their lovely language with a barbarous accent.

Few wasted more than a word on me.

A bow, a charming phrase, and off they would dart to exercise their powers of logic and exposition with another gifted compatriot.

Now there came into my life yet



W. G. Grace. Self.

another tutor, M. Maurice Escoffier, I MET Mr. of the Ecole Libre des Sciences, W. G. Grace, Politiques, whose role it was to teach me all things French. cetera, a f Windsor.

Continued on page 31

MIRIAM

continued to stare at Egan Crane. At last she said, "Yes, you're Toby. But where's your collar and tie? You shouldn't have come here this way. Let Dugald show you to one of the bedrooms. You can straighten up and then come back to lunch."

Crane began to speak, trying to offer apology and explanation, but Miriam had already turned away, and Dugald's hand was on his arm, leading him out. The old man closed the door behind them.

"None of your cock-and-bull stories," he said. "I'm not going to have her worried." He hastened the bewildered actor back to his bedroom. "Why did you tell me your name was Crane?" he asked.

"It is," Crane said, "professionally."

Dugald was frank. "I'm sick of theatre people. That lot in there. They're no good for her. Except the kids. And now, you. There's your collar."

He pointed to where it was hanging over a small mirror, and Crane noted with distaste that it was crumpled. He began to smooth it out.

Dugald chuckled. "You don't look so bad for a fellow who had such a fall."

"I didn't fall," Crane said emphatically. "I was pushed."

"Now, now," Dugald protested. "Don't start that all over. Why, we found you in the orchestra pit."

"We?"

"Me and that young Yank in there," he gestured vaguely.

"Struthers?"

"Struthers," Crane said. "Was that Struthers?"

"Ain't I tellin' you? He's stayin' here."

Gingerly Crane passed a hand over the lump on the side of his head, thinking of the red-headed youngster he had seen in the room.

A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 12

"I don't want to frighten you, Miriam," he said with dignity. "But I was attacked."

"Attacked?" Miriam said. "But that's nonsense, Toby."

"Who would attack you?" Flaxman put in. He was standing behind Mrs. Lindel. "No one here, surely," he laughed.

Crane turned slowly and regarded the young people assisting Dugald. "As you doubtless heard, Miriam," he said, "a man was killed on the stage last night. I was on the stage. I walk into this house and someone attacks me."

His glance settled on Bob.

"He's delirious," Dugald said. "Better send him back to bed. He fell off the stage."

Mrs. Lindel asked sharply: "Who gave you permission to go on the stage? What were you doing there?"

"Forgive me, Miriam," Crane passed a hand wearily over his forehead. He didn't feel particularly weary, but he objected to the way Flaxman and his sister were standing two steps above him, dominating the scene. He went on, "I am a little upset. Might I sit down?"

"Of course," she said, and Flaxman placed a chair. "Now, explain what you were doing on the stage."

Dugald came forward with a cup of black coffee. "Drink this," he said in a tone meant to be soothing. "You'll feel all right soon."

Crane said testily, "I'm all right now." Nevertheless, he took the coffee. It was lukewarm, and he drank it in a few gulps, thinking how he would put his case.

Apparently the stage in this old house was sacrosanct. Miriam's sharp inquiry, "Who gave you permission?" proved that.

He looked about him for a place to put the empty cup, and, as he expected, Flaxman, still standing, took it and carried it away, setting it down on the bureau. Miriam was still standing. Why, he thought, didn't the old hag sit down and send the others away?

"Well," Mrs. Lindel said, "we're waiting."

Exasperated, Crane sprang to his feet.

"Waiting!" he said. "If it comes to waiting, what about me? I come here to see you, Miriam. But am I welcomed? Do I even receive common courtesy? I am kept cooling my heels on the doormat while your servant questions me. Who am I? What am I? Why did I come?"

"You didn't tell me who you were," Dugald called, and said to Janie, "Just pass me that salad bowl."

"I gave you my name," Crane argued.

"I know, I know," the old man said, looking towards Mrs. Lindel, his hands full of crockery. "But who knows Egan Crane?"

"Why didn't you tell him your real name, Toby?" Miriam asked.

He exclaimed passionately, "Don't you understand, Miriam? I envisioned surprise—I hoped, delightful surprise. A reunion after many years! After all, Miriam, you are my sister. I wanted to stand before you, recalling the old, old days, watching the dawning light of recognition, hear your cry, 'Egan!'"

"Toby," Bunce corrected.

Mrs. Lindel nodded. "Yes," she said slowly. "I think I can understand that. She waited a moment before going on. 'But you still have not told me how you got on my stage?'"

Crane said: "I waited out there on the verandah, goodness knows how long, but this old—this gentleman," he waved his hand towards Dugald, "didn't return. I came to the conclusion he had forgotten me."

"I had," Dugald said promptly. "So, Toby, it amounts to this," Mrs. Lindel said quietly. "You came in uninvited."

Crane regarded her reproachfully. "I admit it, Miriam. Put yourself in my place. I had come five thousand miles across the ocean to see you. Was I to be turned away like a stranger? Yes, I entered uninvited, as you say. I called out, but no one answered. It seemed strange. I walked into the vestibule and down a corridor. He paused."

"Then I saw the door—that unmistakable door. I knew it at once. What old pro wouldn't? I would have staked my last thousand dollars it was the door of a green-room. The desire to explore further was irresistible. I pushed the door. It opened."

Mrs. Lindel raised her eyebrows. "Dugald, the door was not locked?" The old man shuffled uneasily. "I forgot," he said contritely. "I was fixin' somethin' up."

She turned again to Crane. "And then?"

"And then," Crane went on, "I stepped through, but, after the light outside, could see nothing. Why was she making such a song-and-story about this thing. Anyone would think he was a stranger. He went on: 'I felt my way with my stick and found the steps. I walked up them.'"

"One, two, three," Bunce said, "and at last you reached the top."

Harry Bunce said sharply, "Harry!" and glared at him.

"Then, Miriam," Crane said, "no matter how dark it had been, I would have known where I was. Indeed, I shut my eyes, and drawing in my breath, knew. Incredible as it seemed, here, thousands of miles from civilisation, I had stumbled on a theatre." His voice gathered momentum.

"And then, Miriam, the old war-horse opened his eyes. By now they were accustomed to the light. I turned and there it was. The old familiar scene, the dear old familiar scene. Desdemona's Chamber. Something got hold of me. I was no longer Egan Crane, but the Moor. Once more I was playing the grand old role."

"The cause . . . It is the cause," Crane had never played Othello, but it would have taken a bold man to dispute it at that moment.

He had paused, arm extended above his head, his eyes raised to heaven. Janie, impressionable, was

ALFRED



"I am quite capable of treating Milton's cold, Alfred, without any further advice from you about mustard footbaths, raw onions, hot-water bottles, and kerosene inhalers."

moved, Bob felt embarrassed and uncomfortable. Bunce broke the brief silence by picking up an apple and biting into it, making a loud noise.

Miriam had not stirred from the dais, but her fingers played nervously with her ring set with the tiny nugget.

Crane cast a quick, reproving glance downward, as at a restless audience, and proceeded: "There was the bed—the curtained bed of Desdemona. I strode towards it."

"Put out the light!"

"And then—put out the light!"

"I pulled the curtain aside, and, as God is my judge, there she was, Desdemona. Bathed in innocent sleep. Young, beautiful. And, then, some fiend seized me by the throat. I was swung rudely aside. I fell. And then blackness descended. I knew no more."

Harry Bunce said dryly: "Very good," and smacked his hands together a few times ironically.

Mrs. Lindel abruptly turned from Crane and went to the window of the alcove. "Oh," she was saying, drawing out the exclamation. "Oh, how dared he? How dared he speak those words—there?"

She began to walk up and down with quick strides, Flaxman following, trying to pacify her. He was saying, "There now, you must be calm. It is essential to be calm."

At last, still taking those quick, angry strides, she said: "Why is it all being spoiled? First this—this murder, and now he comes here. She caught Flaxman's arm hysterically. "Oh, I wish only you were here."

Flaxman patted her hand. "It will all come right," he soothed. "Next Sunday we shall see. I feel it."

Dugald came to the foot of the dais. He said, with a jerk of the thumb at Crane: "It's all a cock-and-bull story—being attacked. There's no girl here except this Janie what's-her-name, and she wasn't there when he barged in, Miriam."

Crane looked up sharply at Dugald's use of her Christian name. What was going on here? He was used to temperamental actresses—mostly women of mediocre talent—and Miriam's outburst didn't particularly upset him.

But he was annoyed to note the ease with which Flaxman soothed her and the way he was patting her hand and whispering. Annoyed, too, at the old fool of a servant calling her by her christian name. He wondered what sort of a pull he had over the old girl.

Dugald said again, with a glance at Janie: "I tell you there's no young girl here except this one. Leastways, unless—"

Harry Bunce said quickly: "You know, Miriam, what I think? All sorts of people get in here. You're imposed upon." She didn't look at Janie and Bob as she spoke, but the latter felt the color mounting to his face.

Janie's face flamed, too, but before she could think of anything to say Mrs. Lindel called: "Janie, come up and talk to me, dear, and you, Mr.—Er—er, I've got something to show you."

Please turn to page 24

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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QUIZ KIDS' NEW "SET-UP" A GREAT SUCCESS

THE "BOYS V. THE GIRLS"
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WITH LISTENERS

Since the introduction of a competitive angle in the popular Sunday Night "Quiz Kids" show several weeks ago, listeners all over Australia have displayed keen interest in the new arrangement. The boys versus the girls is a friendly rivalry between teams to carry off the big jackpot which steps up each week.



QUIZMASTER JOHN DEASE

Below are the three boys and three girls in the Sydney team:

LEON SMITH

Aged 14 years, Leon is tall, has a bright appearance and has a wide range of interests. Born in Victoria, he has attended many schools and is now in second year at Sydney High School.

Is interested in music, architecture and world affairs generally.

MILTON OSBORNE

Eleven years old Milton Osborne took the place of John Lambert in the "Quiz Kids" and is the youngest ever to be in the regular team.

His hobbies are numerous, but his favorites are stamp and coin collecting. In the sporting field he concentrates on cricket and football, but has the typical Australian love for all sports.

MICHAEL CONNORS

His school record shows an all-round high standard in all subjects. Fond of football, a keen swimmer and a member of the school cadets.

Mike is 15 years old and attends Christian Brothers' College, Manly.

MARILYNNE SOMERVILLE

Sydney born Marilynne is the latest "Quiz Kid" to join the team. Marilynne concluded her primary education last year and now attends Sydney Girls' High. Her favourite recreation is swimming, and she is an extensive reader, though only 11 years of age.

YVONNE COSSART

Aged 12 years, Yvonne has a very wide knowledge for one so young, and, though she is good at school, gives the impression that she is more of an open-air type.

Likes swimming and riding and makes a hobby of Science and Australian Natural History.

NOLA MANNING

Born in Kingsford, N.S.W., Nola attends the Sydney Girls' High School. She will sit for the Intermediate this year and hopes to go on to the University to study Arts.

A keen sportswoman, she plays hockey, tennis and is fond of surfing, cycling and horse riding. Has a wide knowledge of mythology.

Originally produced only in Sydney for National Broadcast, the "Quiz Kids" programme has been extended so that now, after "Quest" programmes, teams have been selected in Brisbane, Melbourne and South Australia and have already been featured on the National programme.

It is hoped soon that teams will be selected from other States to be included in future Sunday night "Quiz Kids" broadcasts.

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DUGALD was wheeling the loaded tray-mobility from the room; he beckoned Harry Bunce, who held the door open for him, and when he had gone Bunce said to his wife: "You're a living wonder, aren't you? D'you notice everyone's up there in the alcove with her except us—everyone?"

Hetty Bunce bit her lip. Impatiently she threw away her cigarette. "A snub," she said, between her teeth. Her husband said: "Get a load of that!" and made a slight gesture towards the dais.

Bob and Janie were sitting close together, a large book on their knees, turning the pages. Mrs. Lindel had opened her writing-desk and was seated at it.

"Now, look," Bunce whispered. Mrs. Lindel had finished writing torn a slip of paper from a cheque-book, and, after folding it, handed it to Flaxman. They heard him make a half-hearted protest.

"Really, Miriam—" "It is not your fault," she said. "This wretched thing at the theatre"—her voice trailed away. Hetty Bunce watched Flaxman put the cheque in his pocket, then she shut her eyes, leaned her head on the back of the chair, and pretended to be asleep.

Egan Crane, too, had seen his sister pass the cheque to the mesmerist. He felt painfully neglected.

He saw Flaxman patting the pocket in which he had stowed the cheque, and thought of his stolen wallet. Bitterly he thought, he's beaten me to it. He knew only too well the difficulty of an approach when you were second in the queue.

Mrs. Lindel had quite evidently forgotten him. She had taken Flaxman to the window, and he saw her hand on the mesmerist's arm and heard her urgent whispers. His eye

tell on Hetty Bunce, and with a display of assurance he was far from feeling, he stepped down into the room, and offered her his cigarette-case.

She said lazily. "Thanks. You frozen out, too." Her eyes flickered towards the group in the alcove. She said: "I feel sorry for the poor old thing—getting eaten alive."

Janie and Bob were turning the pages of the book of clippings, affecting more interest than they felt. Mrs. Lindel came and leaned over their shoulders, stretching out her hand and flicking over the thick leaves. Most of the clippings were yellowing with age. She stopped at a page on which an old programme had been pasted.

"There," she said, "that will interest you. It is the bill that hotel man put out when Liope and I sang for our supper. I remember, apart from his whiskers, he had the most dreadful paunch held up by a belt, and he never took his cigar out of his mouth when he spoke."

She touched in turn the various names on the programme.

"I remember them all so well," she said. "The sisters Trebelli—a mother and two daughters. Terrible people really. After their act they'd go down among the men drinking out of their mugs. And Herr Flach's. Imitating lots of famous people he said he'd met."

"He even imitated our act, making fun of me in a falsetto voice. Liope didn't like it, but he imitated my husband wonderfully. His wife was this one."

Her finger tapped the billing for Mlle. Lucy La Rue. She went on reminiscently: "I can see her great fat legs and hear that awful song even now. But the miners didn't seem to care as long as she was a

Continued from page 22

woman. There were so few of them and not many nice ones, I'm afraid."

"Once when she'd kicked her slipper into the audience a miner climbed right up on the stage and brought it back and she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him because he'd filled the shoe with some little gold nuggets. None of them knew that she had a little boy asleep in the hotel upstairs."

"Lionel was watching that night. I remember he said to me: 'Miriam, how can the Bard follow that?'"

Janie read aloud the vulgar billing for the Lindels' scene.

Bob found himself picturing that audience yelling itself hoarse while Mlle. La Rue's fat limbs flashed amid a foam of lacy underwear, and Miriam, young and lovely then, no doubt, waited trembling in the wings, desperately afraid of what those lusty fellows would think of the jewelled words she and her husband were to speak in "Desdemona's Bedroom."

"Gee," he said. "It must have been tough for you, Mrs. Lindel."

She said, "It was—at first. But, somehow the noise died down. They stopped banging their glasses. Lionel just made them."

She closed her eyes, recapturing the scene.

When she opened them again she said: "Some of those miners, perhaps, were setting out next day, going into the desert—and never coming back. Like Lionel." She rose abruptly, and began to talk excitedly to Flaxman.

"I can hardly wait for next Sunday," she said. "We must try again, Herman. My brothers will be here and Hetty. And I shall have these two nice young people."

"Just as you say, Miriam. You know I am as anxious as you. We shall succeed. There is something about this room, you know. Some indefinable atmosphere."

"I feel it too, always," she said. She put her hand on his arm. "I am deeply grateful, my friend."

Harry Bunce came back into the room below them and called to Miriam. "Dugald said would you mind seeing him in the theatre. He says it's important."

Mrs. Lindel looked surprised. "He sent that message?" she asked, and when he replied, "That's what he said," she came slowly down the steps from the alcove. Bunce opened the door for her.

When she had gone Hetty Bunce said, "So now Dugald gives the orders."

Janie turned another page of the book resting upon Bob's knee, but both sensed the hostile silence of those about them. She closed the book abruptly and jumped up. "Let's go for a walk," she said. "It's lovely outside."

It seemed to her the longest room she had ever crossed. However, as she neared the door it opened, and a man stood at the entrance, looking in. He was carrying a satchel, and said to Janie: "I am sorry to interrupt, but there seemed nobody about, and my business is important. My name is Inspector Gormley."

He came into the room and closed the door behind him, placing the satchel on the table as if he had come to stay. His eyes moved swiftly over the occupants of the room.

"Oh, Mr. Bunce and Mr. Flaxman," he said. "This is lucky. Then, seeing Crane, 'And Mr.—'"

he snapped his fingers impatiently. "Crane," the actor said, annoyed.

"Of course, Egan Crane. I remember perfectly. You're staying at the Palatial, aren't you?" He turned to Janie and Bob with an inquiring air. "Perhaps someone will introduce me."

Bunce said shortly, "Mr. Struthers and Miss Doran."

Gormley shook the hand Bob offered, regarding the boy keenly, retaining his grip as he spoke. "I've been trying to get in touch with you, Mr. Struthers. Didn't anyone tell you?"

Hetty Bunce from her chair drawled, "Here, no one tells anybody anything."

"Indeed," Gormley said, and added: "I really came to see Mrs. Lindel. Can anyone tell me if she's at home?"

There was no need for a reply, for Dugald returned at that moment. He was smiling. He positively beamed at Janie; then, noting Gormley's presence, his demeanor changed.

The detective said, "What is your name?"

"If it comes to that," Dugald retorted promptly. "What's yours? How many more are coming barging in here?"

Janie interposed quickly: "Mr. Dugald. This is Inspector Gormley. He wishes to see Mrs. Lindel."

"Well," the old man said rudely, "he can't see her."

Flaxman explained smoothly, "He is the police, Dugald."

"Police or no police," Dugald said, "he can't see her. I won't have her upset again." He gazed about him belligerently.

GORMLEY said hastily: "Perhaps, Mr. Dugald, you could just whisper to Mrs. Lindel that I'm here. I don't mind waiting."

His tone slightly mollified the old man. "Well, I'll tell her later," he agreed, and added: "Anyway, you can't wait here. Go on to the verandah."

Flaxman said with a glance at the others, "I think we should all be going."

"A very good idea," Dugald said. As they were leaving the room Gormley said, "I know I had arranged to see you at the theatre this afternoon, but since we have so happily met I'd be obliged if you'd keep me company for a while."

Hetty Bunce said with a bored sigh, "I've no connection with your wretched murder. I'll go into the orchard and eat worms." The detective, lighting a fresh cigarette, raised no objection to her going.

Gormley said, "It's quite a coincidence meeting you all like this. You're not by any chance all living here?"

"It might interest you to know that Mrs. Lindel is my sister," Crane said jottily.

"Indeed," Gormley seemed genuinely surprised.

"And mine," Harry Bunce added, grinning.

"Indeed again," Gormley said smiling, and added: "You don't look like brothers."

"We're half-brothers if it comes to that," Bunce explained.

Gormley, looking at Crane, said: "Then to-day was a reunion. You only arrived yesterday from America, didn't you?"

"Yes, on the Alparra. Naturally, this morning I came up to see my sister."

"Why not yesterday?"

Crane was taken aback. "Really," he said, "I don't know why you should ask that."

Flaxman volunteered: "I am a friend of Mrs. Lindel. I came up with Mr. and Mrs. Bunce—for lunch."

"I see," Gormley said, and glanced inquiringly at Bob and Janie, waiting. The latter said, "We're staying here."

Gormley looked as if he were about to ask a question, but changed his mind, and Janie went on, "We've only been here since last night."

Gormley said again, "Indeed?"

Crane felt irritated. Gormley knew that—must have known it. Wasn't he looking for this boy last night? Then why "Indeed?"

Flaxman interposed with elaborate indifference: "But what's all this to do with that affair last night, Inspector?"

"I don't know," Gormley answered. "But I confess I felt surprised to find you gentlemen here."

"But why?" Crane cried exasperated. "Why should you be surprised to find us here?"

"Because," Gormley said quietly, "the man who was killed at the Colona Theatre last night, according to what you told me, was unknown to you all. He is still unknown to me. There was nothing on his body—no money even—nothing except a scrap of paper, on which was written a name and address."

He paused, then added: "The name, gentlemen, was Miriam Lindel, and this was the address."

To be continued

NO MORE Lonely Saturday Nights FOR LAURA

SATURDAY NIGHT AND NOT GOING OUT? WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU DO WITH YOURSELF?

OH, I GUESS I CAN FIND THINGS TO DO

LAURA LOOKED SO MISERABLE. I ALMOST FEEL WE SHOULD HAVE ASKED HER TO JOIN US

OH, I COULDN'T BEAR SITTING NEXT TO HER IN A STUFFY THEATRE—NOT WITH THAT 'B.O.'

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TWO WEEKS LATER

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THINGS ARE LOOKING UP FOR LAURA. I'VE A HUNCH THAT LIFEBUOY HAS A LOT TO DO WITH IT!

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The Australian Women's Weekly—January 31, 1948



Aren't they glad they're
hungry — *when*
Heinz is about!



HEINZ Spaghetti



SOME OF THE
57
VARIETIES

When the family eagerly asks "What are we having, Mum?" and Mum says "HEINZ Spaghetti" — or "HEINZ Baked Beans" — what a happy clamour!

Oldsters and youngsters give HEINZ Spaghetti top marks. No wonder! Look what's in it! Finest wheat — rich tomato sauce — tasty cheese — flavoursome spices.

Same with HEINZ oven-baked Beans — the "3-ways-better" beans. *One*, they're baked longer, more slowly. *Two*, they're soaked in richer tomato sauce. *Three*, they're flavoured with tastier young pork (but you can get Vegetarian style if you prefer).

Serve these often, and you're "set" — with a happy, well-fed family.

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HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS

The great 'standbys' for hungry families



Dress Sense...

by Betty Keep

thing too extreme might be a mistake."

You will be wise to choose a design simple enough so that you—and your friends—don't tire of it after a season. A classic shirt frock is the answer, and it certainly need not be dull. First of all choose a dark color for day wear; it is newer than a pastel.

Next consider the hemline. Thirteen or 14 inches from the floor would be correct, according to your own proportions. Don't save on material, that extra yard is going to give you that extra new look. Don't exaggerate the shoulder-line. Have a soft, but not too droopy. Keep your belt narrow, and firm enough to define the waistline. If you follow these few tips you will have a dress that will look right up to the moment and at the same time stand you in good stead for years to come.

For evening wear

"I NEED your advice about a new evening dress. With all the new fashions I can't decide what is correct."

It depends on the place and the occasion you intend wearing your evening dress. For a ball, or for any really formal function, an extreme or one-strap decolletage bodice and floor-length skirt is the dress of the season.

For the theatre, restaurant-dining, and night-clubs, an ankle-length dress is a pretty and apt fashion.

If your dress is to be worn for all occasions, I advise you to compromise with a floor-length skirt and separate top.

Dressing sisters

"I HAVE two small girls, aged 4 and 5½ years, and would like some advice about dressing them

attractively and economically. Do you think children look smart dressed alike? I am quite a skilful dressmaker, but by the time I do my other work I do not have much time for dressmaking."

Big and little sister ensembles are tremendously popular in the States; here in Australia the idea never seems to have been followed to any great extent.

Personally, I think the fashion of little girls dressed alike looks charming. If the idea appeals to you, by all means follow it. A suspender skirt made in cotton for the summer and wool for the winter is one of the most practical fashions for a small girl. A darkish cotton plaid for the skirt would be a good choice for now. Plaid is fashion news for the young. Darkish colors would mean that the skirt would not be forever in the wash-tub. Acquire several blouses to wear with the one skirt; perhaps a pastel cotton sweater (uncompounded), a white lawn made with a frill trim, plus a linen styled on tailored linen.

Belt with pockets

"I HAVE a black crepe one-piece, and though it is perfectly good it is not a very fashionable garment; in fact, I feel I just can't wear it without a renovation. I have several yards of black satin, and am wondering if it would be suitable for a trimming! The dress is quite straight and belted at the natural waistline, in fact, now I have lengthened the hemline it looks to have very little shape. What do you advise?"

Black satin will be excellent for your renovation, as two materials used in the one garment are new

and smart. The dress, from your description, sounds as if it needs hip emphasis, which in its turn will help to create the optical illusion of a smaller waist—thus creating the new look of a tiny waist and curved hips. To achieve this make or have made a detachable belt with deep pocket sections; it will add the necessary rounded hip-line contour. About shoulder padding. If the dress has last year's square, pin-cushion type pads, it would be advisable to remove the pads or modify them.



HIP EMPHASIS can be given slim-fitting frock by making a belt with two deep pocket sections. Sketch shows back and front view.

* Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Business outfit

"I WONDER if you could advise me in planning an economical basic daytime wardrobe for wearing in an executive business position. I have a full-length silver-brown clipped sheepskin coat. Thank you for your interesting articles."

"Separates" matched, or changed about intelligently, can look as smart as any two-piece dress, and at the same time make a few clothes into a lavish-looking wardrobe. Take as your basic units a skirt, cummerbund, two blouses, and one jacket. Have the skirt cut full and circular, the hem 14in. from the ground—the material stone-grey wool. The cummerbund to match the skirt. One blouse in the same material and color as the skirt, perfectly tailored, with a deep, narrow V neckline and pushed-up sleeves. For a party atmosphere wear the blouse with gold costume-jewellery.

Blouse No. 2 could be in contrast. It could be raisin-brown wool jersey, or jersey-like material, made wrapped and sashed and fairly long, and worn outside the skirt minus the cummerbund.

For the jacket choose burnt-orange. It's one of autumn's newest colors. Have it cut short. Shoes, bag, gloves all in dark chocolate-brown. Two hats—a large, floppy beret of velveteen, and a felt with a large brim. The beret, made in red veering towards orange, can be worn with the grey outfit. The felt would be perfect in grey with the skirt and jacket ensemble, and skirt over blouse team!

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S.R. CONTAINS SODIUM RICINOLEATE—WHICH IS USED BY DENTISTS WHEN TREATING INFLAMED, BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND GUM ROT (PYORRHEA).

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"DOLORES"—For Afternoon or Dinner Dates

The frock ready for immediate wear or cut out to make up in soft, printed rayon crepe. The skirt has a side drape falling from the waist to hem-line.

Colors for "Dolores" are: Soft blue with cyclamen and white oak leaves outlined in black; aqua with gold and white leaves outlined in black; old gold with aqua and white leaves; chartreuse with pink and white oak leaves outlined in black.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/21 (8 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 67/- (8 coupons). Postage 1/3 extra.

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"ANNA" AND "ENA"—Attractive Blouses for Summer Wear

Made of rayon crepe-de-chine in shades of pale pink and white, the blouses are ready to wear or cut out. "Anna" has a soft turned-down collar and fastens in the front with unusual snowdrop buttons. "Ena" has a high neckline with rolled collar and buttons down the back.

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The apron is traced ready to embroider on cotton material in lovely shades of lemon, green, blue, and fawn. Binding for apron is not supplied. Price, 3/11 (2 coupons). Postage 5/12 extra.

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972

Interstate Offices:

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Fashion Frocks, and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 9), or by post.
Box 498W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 135C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 135C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)



A letter from America:

R.F.D. TOWNSEND, MASS., U.S.A.

25th April, 1947.

Dear Sirs:—

While my husband was serving in the United States Navy and was stationed in your country he purchased a bottle of 'ASPRO', and brought some home with him, as nothing else seemed to check his colds or headaches like your 'Aspro' did. I suffer from severe headaches and find that nothing relieves them but 'Aspro'.

Why I'm writing to you is to find out if there is anywhere in the U.S.A. that I can purchase them. I have tried a good many places, but they have never heard of 'Aspros'.

We are down to our last 6 tablets and I really would like to get some more if it is possible.

I hope to hear from you very soon.

Thank you kindly,

Yours truly,

Mrs. Lawrence Abbott

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There have been many requests from America to send 'Aspro', both from people who have previously lived in Australia and Americans who have contacted them and sampled 'Aspro'. As with all such requests, we have advised Mrs. Abbott that 'Aspro' has not yet been extended as far as America, although it is obtainable in many other countries including England, Scotland, Eire, France, Belgium, Egypt, India, Malaya, China, South Africa and New Zealand. However, we are happy to have arranged for Mrs. Abbott to receive a supply of 'Aspro' tablets.

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'Aspro' not only stops headaches in a few minutes but does so without harm to the heart or stomach—without depressing or irritating after effects!

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The Australian Women's Weekly Omnibook



BETTY SMITH, who wrote "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," one of the two novels in The Australian Women's Weekly Omnibook.



THE LATE ROBERT BENCHLEY. Some of his most humorous writing is in February Omnibook.



KETTI FRINGS, writer of "The Devil Catch You," another novel in the Omnibook.

Best sellers are now available to all in new monthly magazine

As an extension of its policy of providing a wide variety of entertaining and informative reading matter, The Australian Women's Weekly will publish a monthly Omnibook, containing condensations of best-sellers from America and all parts of the British Empire.

First issue of Omnibook will be on sale at all news-agents next week at 1/-; and on the first of each month thereafter.

You can have Omnibook posted to your home each month—six issues for 6/-, or 12 issues for 12/-. This includes postage.

THE first issue will contain two novels, Betty Smith's "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and Ketti Frings' "Let The Devil Catch You."

Both have been so skilfully condensed that the particular flavor and distinctive styles of the authors have been retained.

"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," much discussed when it first appeared, soon found a world-wide public, whose imagination was caught by its sincere, moving picture of life on New York's East Side.

"Let The Devil Catch You" is a current best-seller in America, and has the polish and quick-moving plot the author has mastered as an ace Hollywood scenario-writer.

Most controversial item in this issue of Omnibook, and one with exceptionally wide appeal, will be "Modern Woman—The Lost Sex," a challenging study of women in business and the professions, written by American woman psychiatrist Dr. Marynia F. Farnham in collaboration with writer Frederick Lundberg.

Frederick Lundberg's critical, political-social biography of William Randolph Hearst, "Imperial Hearst," and his study of the utilisation of big American fortunes, "America's Sixty Families," are his best-known works.

Before he became a freelance he was on the financial staff of the New York "Herald-Tribune."

During the war, part of his work was some writing and research for

American Merchant Marine projects in which the war shipping administration was interested.

In contrast, some of Robert Benchley's most humorous writing has been selected from "Benchley—Or Else."

"Natchez On The Mississippi," by Harnett Kane, a dramatic account of the history of this old Southern town in America, completes the first issue of the Omnibook.

The publication of Omnibook in Australia has been made possible by a special arrangement with its publishers in America, where 500,000 copies sell each month.

It is an ideal magazine for busy housewives or business women who wish to be conversant with the literature of the day, but have not time to read the complete books.

Dollar restrictions will make it increasingly hard for Australians to have easy access to current American literature.

The Australian Women's Weekly Omnibook will provide a means of keeping in touch with the most recent work of world-famous authors.

Most famous of the authors appearing in the first issue of Omnibook is the inimitable Robert Benchley, whose death last November put an end to 20 years of laughter-making. It was said of him that in that time he made more people laugh than any other two comedians.

Described by Stephen Leacock as "the unsurpassed writer of nonsense for nonsense's sake," Benchley's reputation as a writer was built up over the years by his work for "The New Yorker," "Life," and "Vanity Fair."

He was only 56 years old when he died, but had already become as famous for his acting on stage and screen as for his writing and drawing.

In Omnibook extracts from "Benchley—Or Else," faithful readers of the nonsense king will meet some old favorites, including his delicious feud with the penguins.

Until Ketti Smith published "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" she was known mainly as a playwright. She has published 70 one-act plays and edited two volumes of plays.

For the background of her heart-stirring human novel she chose a part of New York she knew well, for she was born and brought up in Brooklyn. The novel is full of understanding of the problems of the people she creates.

Now she lives at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where she moved seven years ago when she joined the faculty of the Carolina Playmakers at the University of North Carolina as play consultant and special lecturer in drama.



COLLABORATORS. Dr. Marynia F. Farnham (left), psychiatrist, who wrote "Modern Woman—The Lost Sex," in collaboration with author and journalist Frederick Lundberg (right).

Her full life as a university lecturer and writer still leaves her time to enjoy her home life.

She has two children and she loves to sew and knit for them, as well as to keep house and look after her garden.

The other novelist whose work appears in this issue of Omnibook, Ketti Frings, wrote her first novel, "Hold Back The Dawn," in 1940, and later it was screened by Paramount.

Her main full-time job, apart from bringing up her family, is scenario-writing in Hollywood.

She spends 10 to 12 hours a day at her typewriter.

From college, where she did not wait to graduate, she went to her job in the advertising department of a big store. For several years she worked there and in New York advertising agencies.

Then she decided she wanted to write a novel, so went to the South of France for a year to do so.

She did not write the novel; but met her future husband, Kurt Frings, an artists' representative in Hollywood. They were married about eight years ago.

Study of women

DR. MARYNIA FARNHAM brings a lifetime of study and experience in dealing with psychiatric cases to bear on the problem of the place of women in modern society, and in Frederick Lundberg she has chosen as her collaborator a writer of best-sellers.

Dr. Farnham is a 48-year-old widow with two children. She graduated in medicine from the University of Minnesota.

Although since 1936 she has been working as a private psychiatrist she has held big public positions in America, including that of New York State Director of the Child Health Unit and Associate Director of Medical Care.

The result of Dr. Farnham's work has led her to make a very definite stand about modern women in their attempt to rival men instead of seeing themselves as fulfilling a different place in the world.

The subject is bound to interest everyone, and its treatment aroused a storm of protest and an equal amount of approval in the States.

Harnett Kane, author of "Natchez On The Mississippi," was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, in 1910, is steeped in the history and traditions of his native State.

His main works are "Louisiana Hayride, the Rehearsal for American Dictatorship," "Deep Delta Country," "Plantation Parade," and "New Orleans Woman."

He was a brilliant journalist and specialised in covering political scandals.

The story is told that Huey Long,



powerful political leader, but rather a figure of fun, once tried to have Kane dismissed from his paper because he revealed that Huey slept in silk pyjamas and not a cotton nightshirt, as he claimed.

Kane gave up active newspaper work some years ago, and for ten years taught journalism at the Loyola University, New Orleans.

It isn't fried eggs that make a pan look worse for wear...



It's harsh cleaning.



But sprinkle a little VIM on your pot-cleaner and...



VIM's added cleansing power will shift all that grease without scratching



Gardener finds quick way to heal CUTS AND SCRATCHES



I'm chief gardener in our family and do quite a nice job, even if I do say so myself! And, like most gardeners, I consider cuts and scratches all in the day's work.



Last week I caught my hand on a blade of the lawnmower. "I'll give you some Rexona Ointment for that right away," my neighbour said. "You don't want any complications."



She smeared some Rexona into the cut—and also on a couple of scratches I'd collected while digging the beds. I felt no swelling effect immediately.



You've no idea how quickly I healed! Now Rexona has a permanent place in our medicine cupboard. With my two fingers always in the war, I find Rexona a real blessing.

Rexona Ointment—still made from exactly the same ingredients and packed in handy jars.

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Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.



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CLEAN, WHITE AND GOOD SMELLING, FOR

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Sprinkle KIX Powder on ants' tracks into your kitchen and pantry and around their nests. KIX cleans up the ant pest immediately.

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Rid your home of silverfish by dusting KIX Powder liberally in clothes drawers, linen presses and cupboards. KIX Spray can also be used most effectively for this purpose. Kixed surfaces kill for months.

COCKROACHES

Dust KIX Powder or spray KIX into cracks of floors, around skirting boards and wherever cockroaches lurk. KIX eliminates them and remains effective for weeks.

BUGS

A liberal dusting of KIX Powder exterminates bugs and proofs furniture and beds against further infestation.

CARPETS

Protect your carpets by dusting KIX Powder under the edges, on spots attacked by beetles, and especially under and behind pianos and furniture. KIX kills the carpet beetles which cause the damage.

KIX Powder

[1/-] PER TIN



EVERY morning he would be ushered into my sitting-room, in tail coat, bowler hat, grey gloves, and cane, with a formidable collection of books under his arm.

My early life seems to have progressed through a forest of beards, for Escoffier was a "beaver," too.

And after I had overcome my initial distaste for the pungent aroma of the Caporal cigarettes to which he was addicted he and I became great friends.

Whenever I got too entangled in French grammar he would take me sightseeing—the Louvre, the Invalides, Notre Dame, the Chambre des Deputes, Versailles, Fontainebleau; under his learned auspices I inspected them all.

Along with everybody else I climbed the Eiffel Tower and rode on the roller coaster at Luna Park.

And in company with him, Hansell and Finch I toured a good deal of France, visiting innumerable provincial towns, chateaux, and, as a gesture to Hansell's unique hobby, cathedrals.

There were occasions when I felt that my teachers enjoyed the tours a great deal more than I did, for I did not drink, and food as such did not interest me, whereas Hansell and Escoffier loved to linger at restaurant tables over the plat du jour and vin du pays.

The President of the Republic decorated me with the Legion of Honor—"with death," whispered Escoffier, "the only other thing a Frenchman cannot hope to escape."

I really learned a good deal about France; in any case, enough to love it.

At the same time, my tour was memorable chiefly because of my 18th birthday, occurring while I was there, which brought two coveted privileges.

My father, following the Navy rule for young officers, had refused to let me smoke until I reached that age.

Then a birthday gift from him in the form of a cigarette case signified that I could indulge in that habit if I wished.

Also, 18 brought me to the threshold of that magic world in which I was free to drive a car.

Encouraged by some of my young French friends, I was soon speeding along the routes nationales to the terror of Escoffier, who, beard flying, clung by his eyelids to the back seat.

I returned to Britain in August, and that was the end of the Earl of Chester.

Oxford now loomed as a dreary chore to be finished with the least effort, and as quickly as possible.

From my point of view as a human being, the easy conditions under which I took up residence at Oxford in October, 1912, certainly were a vast improvement over those laid down by the Prince Consort for my grandfather some 50 years before.

To prevent his possible contamination from too intimate association with the undergraduate commoners, my grandfather was obliged to live apart in a rented house, to eat his meals apart with his own staff, and to wear a special gown when he attended lectures.

His classmates had to rise respectfully whenever he entered "Hall" or a lecture-room.

Fortunately for me, all that had passed when my turn came.

I took my place freely among the undergraduates—a circumstance which was hailed by the Press as fresh evidence of the innate democracy of the British monarchical system.

But the Socialist son of the Glasgow fitter who sat beside me at lectures would scarcely have agreed that I shared the common lot.

I had, after all, special rooms in "Cloister Quad"—not to mention, I believe, the first private undergraduate bathroom to be installed at the college, as well as a fine view of the tower that is one of Magdalen's special glories.

I had a valet, Finch. I had, as

The Duke of Windsor's Memoirs

Continued from page 21

well, my personal tutor, since Hansell, the instigator of all this, occupied a room directly under mine.

To initiate me into the more sophisticated amenities, my personal entourage was augmented by the addition of an equerry, the hard-riding Major William Cadogan, of the 10th Hussars.

Finally Sir Herbert Warren, the President of Magdalen and the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, made me his special charge—an attention which, before long, I would gladly have forfeited.

Yet all these ostensible advantages could not entirely cure my nostalgia for the Navy.

All around me were young men united in friendships formed at Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Charterhouse, and all the other public schools.

I was acutely lonely, and I was under the added disadvantage of being something of a celebrity.

A crowd of reporters and photographers descended upon Oxford to record for the popular Press the more intimate aspects of my adjustment to Oxford life.

Their vivid accounts in turn stimulated a rush of tourists, and for days I hardly dared to go to the window lest I find myself the object of their concentrated gaze.

Nor did I wish to be seen near Addison's Walk until all the publicity died down, for the local guides had spread the story that the college deer park had been restocked to enable me to do a little stalking when my studies palled.

All this vulgar commotion within Magdalen's ancient precincts irritated the dons, but no more than the undergraduates, who showed their displeasure by emptying pitchers of water upon the inquisitive sightseers' heads.

The plain fact is, of course, that I was pretty much of a problem to Oxford.

To be sure, I could box a compass, read naval signals, run a packet boat, and make cocoa for the officer of the watch.

But these accomplishments, which the Navy had been at such pains to teach me, were manifestly without significance to Oxford's learned dons.

Moreover, as the following diary excerpt indicates, I judged Oxford a little effete:—

"It is amusing to see the difference between an ordinary school and Dartmouth. The boys talk of discomfort, but in their dormitories they have cubicles and they sit about in studies all day. Their life is not half as strenuous as it is at Dartmouth, and we were more contented. There can be no better education than a naval one."

Indeed, verging on the dissolute:—

"Dear Papa,

"I went to the Bullingdon Club dinner. It lasted two hours and there were about 60 people. Most of them got rather, if not to say very, excited, and I came back early."

"There was a good deal of champagne drunk and that accounted for it. It is interesting for me to see the various forms of amusement that undergraduates indulge in..."

To lead me with all possible celerity into the higher fields of learning, Oxford generously gave me access to its best brains.

One of Britain's most distinguished jurists, Sir William Anson, Warden of All Souls' College, taught me constitutional law.

From Mr. Charles Grant Robertson, later Vice-Chancellor of the University of Birmingham, I acquired some grounding in Napoleonic history.

The famous Rev. Lancelot Ridley Phelps, later Provost of Oriel College, talked to me voluminously and no doubt from vast erudition on political economy, while pressing upon me the dustiest books ever written.

My study of the French language continued under M. Berthon. And

Dr. Hermann Fiedler, who later became Taylor Professor of German, was brought in to increase my command of German.

Finally, President Warren, an authority on English poetry, undertook single-handedly to fire my interest in the humanities.

As a mark of his favor he included me among half a dozen proteges who forthrightly in his book-lined study once a week to read to him for his direct criticism and comment essays on various aspects of British literature prepared at his order.

These little meetings were my introduction to serious literature, and I approached them in awe.

Compared with most of the people I knew, the president was a man of vast learning; and it was therefore a disillusioning blow to my sense of values to discover that the thing he appeared to value most in the world was his connection with an obscure nobleman, a fact which he managed to insert into every conversation.

It was generally suspected that he was obsessed with the idea of filling Magdalen with titled undergraduates; hence whenever he beamed upon me I was never quite certain whether it was with a teacher's benevolence or from a collector's secret satisfaction with a coveted trophy.

In any case, he struck us as being a bit of a snob.

Yet, despite this formidable outlay of intellect, Oxford failed to break down the resistance to learning that

was the legacy of my unbookish ancestors.

And, as if to save his venerable institution from one day being blamed for the absence of higher intellectual qualities in the heir apparent, President Warren published, on the occasion of my leaving Oxford, a generous but somewhat apologetic report upon my progress:—

"Bookish he will never be; not a 'Beauclerk' still less a 'British Solomon,'" he warned, adding, however, "...all the time he was learning more and more every day of men, gauging character, watching his play, getting to know what Englishmen are like, both individually and still more in the mass."

If by "learning . . . of men" President Warren had in mind that, along with English literature and constitutional law, there was a bright leavening of fox-hunting, beagling, and a mild game of roulette, Oxford certainly lived up to its reputation as a teacher.

While there I rode with the South Oxfordshire Hounds, beagled with the New College, Magdalen, and Trinity pack, and got to know some young men whose upbringing had been a good deal less strict than mine.

It would be wrong to give Oxford credit for teaching me how to drink.

All the same, it certainly furnished me with opportunities for tentatively testing the art on myself, as well as for observing the dubious progress and occasional disasters of others.

Excuses for celebration were seldom lacking.

If the college eight had "bumped" itself to a higher place on the River Isis, the Oxford stretch of the Thames, during Eights Week, the feat would be celebrated with a gay "bump supper" in "Hall" that would climax with a bonfire inside the walks, fed with furniture tossed out of the rooms of undergraduates who had incurred their classmates' displeasure.

All 21st birthdays by custom called for a party, the ceremonial smashing of glasses against the fireplace, and, eventually, the carrying out of those who could no longer walk by those who thought they could.

And on certain Sunday nights everybody who counted for some-

thing repaired to the small office of the steward of the Junior Common Room, a plump, red-faced, bald-headed old scamp named Gunstone, known to Magdalen men as "Gunner."

We would listen to his rough stories and watch his sleight-of-hand tricks before going upstairs to drink too many glasses of "black strap" port wine which produced hangovers of incredible complexity.

Whatever the occasion, Magdalen celebrations always ended the same way.

Arms linked together, the celebrants would head for the president's house, to stand swaying under his bedroom window, chanting in chorus, "Well rowed, the Press."

Wholly aside from his literary interests, President Warren's corpulence would have removed him from any conceivable athletic connection; nevertheless, all through the night little bands of undergraduates would devote to pay the president this dubious compliment.

As the following sample from my diary shows, Oxford swiftly opened up a new world:—

"Dined at Leander at Henley, leaving at 10.15 again after a most cheery meal and got in at 11.15. Some men, D— among them, ragged us in their car the whole way back and A— dealt with them near Magdalen Bridge. Later he fought D— in college for being insulting! He knocked him out, and it was the finest summary justice I've ever seen. Bed at 12.30."

It is a characteristic of collegiate memories that the hell-raising side, in moments of reminiscence, momentarily overshadows the daily plodding drudgery which I always associate with study.

Oxford is a serious place and the truth is that my Oxford days, by and large, were sober, tranquil, and studious. And my spare time was given to football, punting on the River Cherwell, and long bird walks.

Best of all, I formed new friendships, which compensated in part for the uprooted attachments of Naval College.

And if I made no "firsts" I studied hard.

My mother often came to see me at Oxford and loved to poke around the historic corners and attractive gardens of the ancient colleges, and in the course of many visits primped and fussed my rooms into a state of cosiness.

My Oxford routine was interrupted in 1913 by two trips to Germany, the first in the spring, the second in the summer.

As in France, I travelled with a party of three—Major Cadogan, my German tutor, the learned Dr. Fiedler, and Finch.

The purpose of the trip was to improve my German and teach me something about those vigorous people whose blood flowed strongly in my own veins.

Though the first World War started barely a year later, I must confess that as a tourist I never sensed the approaching catastrophe.

The Germany of my student days echoed with work and song, and I judged it to be inhabited by the kindest people in all Europe.

One reason why I felt that way, of course, was that the numerous smaller German courts were filled with uncles and cousins and aunts, all of whom welcomed me.

At Strelitz I spent some weeks with the 21-year-old Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, my mother's aunt, who told me of being taken, when a young girl, to see George IV, who patted her head.

And in the Kingdom of Wurttemberg, now vanished into the limbo of Graustark, I stayed in an ornate palace at Stuttgart as guest of King William and Queen Charlotte, whom I called "Onkel Willy" and "Tante Charlotte."

Quite apart from the family relationship, protocol required me as Prince of Wales to pay a courtesy call upon Emperor William II.

BUT with singular obtuseness, the Kaiser, in inviting me to visit him on August 31, added that he expected me to stay over for the annual parade celebrating the French surrender at Sedan in 1870.

Now the French, joined with us in the Entente Cordiale, would certainly have taken a poor view of my presence at such an occasion, and a potentially awkward situation was averted only by the British Ambassador's diplomatic finesse, by means of which my call upon the emperor was rendered quite devoid of political implications.

I knew him distinctly, of course, from his spectacular descents upon our little island, but at the Konigsliches Schloss, on Unter den Linden, in Berlin, I saw him for the first time in his own environment.

Arriving in the late afternoon, I was taken at once to the emperor's room.

He was sitting in uniform behind an extraordinarily high desk, and, in greeting me, rose in a most curious manner, as if dismounting from a horse.

Upon drawing closer I perceived to my astonishment that he had risen from a wooden block shaped like a horse's back; to this was girthed a military saddle, complete with stirrups.

Noting my startled expression, the emperor smiled, and explained condescendingly that he was so accustomed to sitting on a horse he had found a saddle more conducive to clear, concise thinking than a conventional desk chair.

The Kaiser's saddle was only the first of a series of exciting events in store for me.

I dined that night with him, the empress, and several other members of the family.

The Kaiser, in a different and more colorful uniform, led the conversation in German to test my fluency.

Satisfied that I had not been wasting my time, he relapsed into English, which he spoke beautifully, and asked all kinds of questions about my parents and his English relatives.

Dinner over, he excused himself, only to reappear almost immediately in the most dazzling uniform of all and whisked me off alone to the opera for a performance of "Aida."

We swept through the streets in a gleaming limousine; a jager in a rich green uniform, gilt hunting dagger, and cock-tailed plume hat, rode in front, while distinctive notes on the horn warned the police to hold the traffic for the emperor.

But for all the garish uniforms and his brusque manners William II had undoubtedly charm, of which I caught the full effect.

Next morning, when I re-entered his study to take my leave, he was again astride that incredible saddle, his face, with upturned moustache, brooding over a document.

He expressed the hope that I had learned something of the German people from my stay, adding that, despite all the terrible things my country thought about them, he and they really were not so difficult to get along with.

And at that impressionable age I believed him.

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NEXT WEEK

● The Duke of Windsor continues his memoirs next week, writing of the outbreak of war in 1914.

He tells of his life in the army and how, irked by precautions for his safety, he continually begged his father, King George V, to allow him to share the dangers of the common soldier.



VETERAN Wylie Watson and newcomer Susan Shaw, who plays the part of Wylie's daughter in "London Belongs To Me," discuss the story with the author, Norman Collins.

New star fluffed lines in test for part

From BILL STRUTTON of our London office

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Take the stiff breeze which blew on the day Patricia Roc walked out of a film saying her role in it was "too drab." In other words not glamorous enough.

This same breeze scattered shooting schedule papers in the producer's office, and, since the film was ready to shoot, it caused the director's hair to stand on end too.

THERE was quite a draught in the wardrobe department, where the film costumier, intent on creating dresses for Pat, had to put down their sewing, look at each other, and say, "Well—what happens now?"

But it blew most pleasantly for Miss Susan Shaw, an 18-year-old piquant and talented blonde, who was born Patsy Sloots. For it catapulted Susan into stardom. Compared with the grinding years most stars had to spend learning their art and waiting for that big break, the progress of slim, sparkling little Susan Shaw in British Films has been phenomenal.

She owes a lot of it not only to talent and her face, which cameramen have classed as "ideal," but also to Molly Terraine, the same teacher who groomed Jean Simmons for the role of Ophelia in Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet."

Molly, who is head of Arthur Rank's "Charm School," coached Susan when Individual Pictures producer Sidney Gilliat, of the famed Lauder-Gilliat team, sent out an urgent call for an actress who could

step into Pat Roc's shoes as a city typist in "London Belongs To Me." Susan, who talked to me in her little prefabricated dressing-room in one corner of the set, said: "I was rushed down to Pinewood Studios and plunked in front of the camera. I fluffed my lines badly, but got through the test somehow."

"I was out of the place and on my way home before I knew what was happening. That night I howled my way through dinner, because I had made such a mess of my big chance."

"But next day they rang up—and I was in! Sidney Gilliat told me I had to be ready in a week. In that time they propelled me through the make-up department for a series of make-up tests. I went through the wardrobe section like wildfire, getting fitted, then rushed through bargain counters of West End stores picking up dresses of the sort a London typist would buy off the hook."

"There were alarms practically every hour. When they tried to dye my hair dark—I assure you it is a genuine golden blonde—they found it wouldn't take the dark dye. It streaked, and I looked like a spotted dog. So the experts compromised on a light brown shade, and I like it so well that I may even stick to it."

Susan's first leading man is Richard Attenborough, who is playing another wicked role after his great success as the vicious young gangster of "Brighton Rock." Only two years ago Susan was a fan of his, after his first big film success, in "Journey Together," and though

Susan was a photographer's model and pet mascot of a camera club, no such wildly remote thought as that of becoming a film star had flashed through her blonde head.

That is, until a scout spotted one of the camera club's portrait efforts of her, and got her a film test with Gainsborough. Susan was enrolled immediately in Arthur Rank's "Company of Youth."

Since then she has had time off from lessons under Molly Terraine to appear in bit parts. Because she is very photogenic they enrolled her as one of the technicolor dozen and one lovelies who decorated the film "London Town."

Because she was young, Susan got a larger part in Gainsborough's "Holiday Camp."

Film upstairs started to adopt her as their mascot, too, when they noticed her recent performance in her first big role as a daughter who strayed from the path of virtue in "It Always Rains On Sunday," starring Australian John McCallum and Gogie Withers.

Susan is a highly strung little actress. She knits constantly "to keep the jitters at bay." Her first starring role in "London Belongs To Me"—the first of several now lined up for her—will be a particularly severe test of her ability.

An adaptation of Norman Collins' best-selling novel "London Belongs To Me" relies for its strength on a series of vivid character studies of people inhabiting a house in a typical London street. Competing with Susan for honors in these characterizations are Richard Attenborough and veterans Fay Compton, Alastair Sim, Stephen Murray, Joyce Carey, Gladys Henson, and Wylie Watson, all household names in Britain.

The older generation of Australians will remember Wylie Watson, who went there in 1913 on a tour with "The Seven Butterflies" and liked it enough to stay nine years. Apart from touring all over Australia, Wylie ran his own theatre, the Lyric, in St. Kilda, Victoria, and enlisted for World War I in the Third Light Horse.

Wylie Watson was an idol of West End theatregoers, and with a long



NAME PAINTED on her studio chair delights new star Susan Shaw, who jokes about it with one of the studio workers. Susan's big chance has come in "London Belongs To Me."

string of film character roles in Britain and Hollywood to his credit plays Susan's father, the lovable Mr. Janner, the film's central figure.

With Britain's greatly expanding film production, Susan is one of the first of a new constellation of British stars for whom there are opportunities abounding.

An incident at a party which Sydney Box recently gave to celebrate his 25th film illustrates the notion that 18-year-old Susan has now become a mascot of Britain's film future.

A huge property cake was wheeled in decorated with candles, each representing a film box. Gainsborough's tubby producer plunged into it a large knife, whereupon a wedge swung open and out of the cake's interior stepped Susan Shaw, the party's guest of honor.

For the benefit of the cameramen swarming round, Sydney Box gave a very creditable look of surprise at this discovery. And Susan, one of the first to graduate from the Charm School with honors, is, he believes, a discovery indeed.

School partnership for Astaire and Powell

From VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

IT looks as if Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell are forming a partnership to run Fred's chain of dancing schools, of which he now has 12 stretching across America.

I saw them chatting together in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's restaurant and drawing diagrams on the tablecloth, and a friend told me this was part of the dance school discussions.

If Eleanor does take over a half-interest it will mean she will manage the schools on the western side of the States.

In his film work Fred is busy rehearsing routines with Judy Garland for "Easter Parade," which starts soon.

MAD fashion notes: June Havoc and her poodle, Tammy, wearing identical sequin scarves... Mrs. Gregory Peck reportedly wearing a strip of gold sequins high on one cheek-bone.

LANA TURNER's friends can get no satisfactory answer to their questionings about her romance with Bob Topping, who, according to reports, has announced he will marry Lana just as soon as he can put on a smashing big party to announce their engagement. He has been married four times, Lana twice. Meanwhile, Tyrone Power, recently considered Lana's big romance, has been about with Linda Christian, and will fly to her home in Iowa to meet her family. It's said that Linda is wearing a ruby-and-diamond ring presented by Tyrone.

OPERA star Lauritz Melchior is the proud possessor of a Tang Dynasty figurine from the estate of the late Hugh Walpole. Apparently Mr. Melchior had admired the tiny horse while visiting the Walpole home, so the author left it to him in his will. Lauritz says the gift will have a permanent place on the mantel of his study.

BOOTH Jackie Cooper and Jackie Coogan are working desperately to lose 15lb. before they start shooting on their joint film "Sneeze For Two." The boys play badminton daily, in addition to having their flesh pounded by professional masseur Terry Hunt. Too much good food at Christmas and New Year is blamed for the excess poundage which shows up so starkly on the screen, as their tests proved.

ANN DVORAK wants to go to Pitcairn Island. She has been corresponding with a housewife there for some time, and has been invited to go for a visit.

Recently Ann sent her pen-friend a gift of teaspoons—evidently hard to come by on that rocky outpost—and the invitation was the result. Apparently the Pitcairners eat no meat, though the island is overrun with wild boar, and, according to Ann, they live mainly on fruit and vegetables.

She is serious about her plans to visit the home of the Bounty mutineers, and is mulling over the possibilities of making a picture there.

CHATTED with Dorothy Lamour on the recording stage at Columbia, where she is rehearsing her French song numbers for "Let's Fall in Love." With Dorothy, carefully watching every move and inflection, is French actress Jeanne Monet, who is aiding the star in her pronunciation.

Jeanne tells me that Dorothy has got her a small part in the picture, and that Dorothy is so sure that the Parisienne will be a success that she has told her to say to all who may want to sign her up: "See Dorothy Lamour—she's my agent."

Film Review

★ ★ ANGEL AND THE BADMAN

JOHNN WAYNE has turned out much more than a Western in his first production for release by Republic. As star and director he does a first-class job. Credit for a really good film with a story which unfolds naturally, with good dramatic suspense, is shared by James Edward Grant, who wrote the story and helped direct it.

Wayne's part is not easy, and his performance of it rates as one of his best. As Quirt Evans he is a hard-shooting gunman. After an affray, in which he is wounded, he is taken in by a Quaker family, who nurse him back to physical health and at the same time convert him to their own peaceful, hard-working way of life.

Gail Russell, as Prudence Worth, daughter of the house, whose love plays an important part in the change in Quirt, acts the part of the simple, fine girl admirably.

Wayne has given the greatest care to his selection of players for every part, and his care results in good characterizations.

Whatever is your idea of good entertainment, you will find something in this production to please you.—Capitol.



HARD WAY of getting experience is chosen by pretty Cathy O'Donnell, who is shown working in a Hollywood service station in preparation for her part as Keechie in RKO's "Your Red Wagon." Keechie operates a service station as a hideout for a group of vicious bank robbers.

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Buy Mercolized Wax from your Chemist or Store.

It will beautify YOUR complexion.



1—ON BOARD SHIP from England to America in 1763 is Abby (Paulette Goddard), a slave convict with a long sentence. Soldier Chris Holden (Gary Cooper) and trader Garth (Howard Da Silva) are rivals in auction to buy Abby. Chris outbids Garth. Chris disapproves of weapons bought by Garth to trade to unfriendly Indians.



2—AT COLONIAL OFFICE in Norfolk (Virginia), Chris arrives from frontier outpost with his friend, John Fraser (Ward Bond), with news of threatened Indian uprising. Colonel Washington (Richard Gaines) sends Chris and Fraser to the outpost in attempt to settle Indian unrest by peaceful methods, though Chris insists that many Indian tribes are treacherous.

UNCONQUERED ... *Technicolor drama*

Eighteenth Century Setting

FILMED by Paramount and directed by Cecil B. De Mille. "Unconquered" presents a phase of American history which happened less than 200 years ago.

It is the story of a man who freed a woman bond slave and defended the attempts of another man who sought to dominate the country through illegal trade with the Indian tribes.

Two years' research was necessary, and shooting took approximately three months.

The script included 93 speaking parts and required the services of more than four thousand extras.

Much of the information needed for sets and costumes was obtained from the British Museum. In spite of precautions, fifteen people were injured during the filming of the Indian attack on Fort Pitt.



3—SET FREE by Chris, Abby is misled by Garth into going as his slave to outpost. She is discovered again by Chris, and rescued after gun battle with Garth's aide.



4—DURING BALL at Government fort in Virginia, Garth arrives and claims Abby as his slave by means of forged papers. His claim is upheld by British Commandant Captain Ecuyer (Victor Varconi). Garth manages to take Abby back to his trading post while Chris is detained at fort by order of Commandant, who reprimands him for taking Abby to ball.



5—RESCUED LATER by Chris, Abby returns to fort and tells acting Commander Captain Steele (Henry Wilcoxon) of big Indian massacre she has seen. Fort is besieged by massed Indian tribes, but relief expedition is led by Chris, who wins through with clever strategy. Indians flee from what they imagine to be big force.



6—FACING EXPOSURE of his Indian alliance, Garth attempts to escape, taking Abby with him. Chris discovers Garth preparing to leave, and kills him. Abby is freed, and she and Chris are married at fort by Captain Ecuyer. They decide to join British migrants, who are beginning to move west to form new settlements, an Indian menace is over.

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 31, 1948

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Plastic Overlays on DUNLOP "MAXPLY" — the greatest advance in tennis racket construction in 20 years!

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

Janet Anne Link has ash-blond beauty of silver-gilt radiance — as if etched in moonlight. "Lately I've been using my Pond's the new 'Blush-Cleanse' way and love it," says this adorable engaged girl. "It gives my face a special feel and brings up a lovely rosy colour."



"Blush Cleanse"

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You can give your skin an instant clean-sweet look — an instant softer, silkier feel right in front of your bathroom mirror. You can bring up the charming blush of colour which sings of youth — with the new "Blush-Cleansing" designed specially to use with your favourite Pond's Cold Cream. "Blush-Cleanse" with Pond's Cold Cream every night, every morning

— and see how quickly your skin responds to this grand new cleansing method.

First ... Rouse skin by pressing cloth wrung out in warm water against face and throat.

Next ... 'Cream-Cleanse' moist, receptive skin with fingers full of Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl circles upwards as if drawing little engagement rings over your face. Pond's Cold Cream has a special demulcent action — it gently loosens dust and make-up as fingers swirl. Tissue off.

Then ... 'Cream-Rinse' with a second thick Pond's Cold Creaming — about 25 more engagement rings swirled over your face. Tissue off — then TINGLE your clean face with a good splash of cold water and pat to dry.

Complete Complexion Care



Pond's Cold Cream, thorough skin cleanser and freshener. Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener — at all chemists, chain and departmental stores. Tubes, 1/2d.; economy size jars, still only 2/10d.

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that kept her in bed ...

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MYZONE

★ Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



1 WISHFUL THINKING of shy browbeaten clerk Walter Mitty (Danny Kaye) makes him imagine that he is the hero in many exciting adventures.

DANNY KAYE COMEDY

2 LEAVING HOME for work, Walter is scolded by domineering mother (Fay Bainter) for wasting time dreaming.



3 UNWILLING TO MARRY, Walter is led into engagement to Gertrude (Ann Rutherford), who is daughter of his mother's oldest friend.



5 HECTIC SEARCH for man who is threatening Rosalind because of mysterious lost code book soon follows.



4 REAL ADVENTURE begins for Walter when he meets Rosalind (Virginia Mayo), who is real life personification of girl he has met in his dreams. She takes him to meet her Uncle Peter (K. Shayne), after saying she is in danger.



6 IN LIBRARY Walter rescues Rosalind from criminals led by her uncle, who wants book to save him from police.

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty

ADAPTED freely by RKO from James Thurber's famous story, Danny Kaye's newest technicolor comedy shows him as the typical little man who escapes from the drabness of his everyday existence into grandiose day-dreams.

Bullied by his mother, fiancée and employer, Walter is happy only when he is deep in imaginative adventures of fantastic heroics. Several songs have been included.



7 AS REAL HERO Walter is able to marry Rosalind, and no longer has to find happiness only in his day dreams.

Dresses for after five

Presented by . . .
MARY HORDERN

★ These four frocks are specially chosen to show how to be as sophisticated as you please for the cocktail hour, and after, without looking hot.



● Deep V neck is cool-looking on Balenciaga's spotted model at the left, with its draw-string effect and back made of plain material.

● Particularly summery is Pierre Balmain's floral chiffon with a harem skirt, and flowers cut out and appliqued on to the white bodice. Throw off your hat and you are perfectly frocked for informal dancing.

● Even in black, Lelong manages a cool effect by cutting the neck very deep and having the bodice rather loose-fitting. The pleated tunic turns back into a graceful line. Sleeves are just to elbow.

● In the frock at the right, made in floral taffeta or any stiff material, Lelong achieves a most sophisticated and very cool neckline by lining a fichu collar with black velvet and turning it right back off the shoulders. A big self bow adds accent to side-draping of the skirt.

LOW-CUT GOWNS DEMAND

*Film Star
Loveliness!*

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It's a real
beauty soap."

says

*Eleanor
Parker*

Warner Brothers' star in
"NEVER SAY GOODBYE"



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of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars.

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and printed by first and second year students.

SAMPLES of em-
broidery designed
and worked by first
and second year
students attending
the color and de-
sign class of the
N.S.W. Society of
Arts and Crafts are
shown above.



WHITE EVENING DRESS
patterned with vases of brightly col-
ored flowers by first-year student.

Handicraft display

★ These photographs show some of the de-
signs from a recent exhibition of the color
and design class of the N.S.W. Society of
Arts and Crafts. Over 70 students attend the class
and each had a sample of work in the display.
Designs included printed and handwoven
fabrics and embroideries of many types as well
as a great variety of other types of handicrafts.

Use war secret against mosquitoes

By MEDICO

OUR holiday is being
ruined by mosquitoes,"
wrote my niece Jean
from the seaside.
"They are little black ones
with a sting like a bee. They're
worst at sunset, but all day and
night they give us 'pie.' I look
as if I had the measles..."

"My dear Jean," I hastened to
reply, "I wish I could tell you how
to stop those mosquitoes from breed-

ing, but the type that's worrying
you is the Viglax, which breeds in
the salt-water swamps. They can
be blown a hundred miles inland by
a sea-breeze. Nothing short of
twice-monthly spraying with DDT
from an aeroplane would do any
good.

"But what was a war-winning
secret in 1944 can make all the dif-
ference to your holiday comfort.
This is known as a repellent. The
secret is a chemical called di-
methyl-phthalate (pronounced die-
meth-ill-thal-ate).

"This is not poisonous to humans,
but it should be kept out of the eyes
and groin.

"It is put up as an almost odorless
lotion, which is thoroughly rubbed
into all the exposed parts of the
body. The mosquitoes come, sniff,
and fly away. The effect lasts for
three hours, except when the mos-
quitoes are extra hungry, when it
may have to be renewed after two
hours. I'm posting you some to go
on with..."

There's only one catch about this

chemical. It has a dissolving effect
on plastic materials, such as foun-
tain-pens or unbreakable watch-
glasses.

Four days later, there was a note
from Jean enclosed in her mother's
letter to me:

"Uncle—you're a lamb. The lotion
works like a miracle—thank you!"

[All names in these articles are
fictitious.]

WHAT TO SOW

WITH a little care all sorts
of annuals, biennials, and
perennials can be raised from
seed by the amateur during
February.

And here are those that can be
sown in the warm coastal and inland
areas any time this month or during
March:

Calendula, calliopsis, candytuft,
carnation, cineraria, columbine,
cornflower, cosmos, lupins, mari-
gold, nasturtium, pansy, pentstemon,
petunia, phlox, scabiosa,
primula, Shirley poppy, Iceland
poppy, snapdragon, statice, stock,
sweet peas, sweet williams, dianthus,
double daisy, forget-me-not,
galliardia, geum, godetia, gypsophila,
leptosyne, linaria, lobelia,
nigella, verberna, viola, and wall-
flower.

Vegetables that may be sown dur-
ing February are beets, brussels
sprouts (cold districts only), cab-
bage, cauliflower, carrot, celery,
cress, kohlrabi, leek, lettuce,
marrow, mustard, parsnip, peas (in
cool districts), potatoes (N.S.W.
coastal districts only), silver beet,
winter spinach, squash, and sweet
turnips.

Daffodil and other narcissus bulbs
can be planted any time from Feb-
ruary onwards, also snowflakes,
watsonias, ranunculi, tulips, ornitho-
galums, nerines, muscari, lachen-
alias, ixias, Spanish iris, hyacinths,
freesias, corymbus, brunsvigias,
babianias, amaryllis, and anemones.

Prepare the ground well for bul-
bous flowers, incorporating only
well-rotted manure and compost.
Where these materials are unobtain-
able use bonedust which is slower
safer, and non-heating to the soil.

Build up the soil for cauliflowers,
cabbage, broccoli, and winter lettuce.
—Our Home Gardener.

FIRST AID To apply sticking plaster

WHEN applying sticking
plaster round the arms or
legs, leave a gap along the
length of the limb to give room
for swelling.

If the plaster is applied right
round the limb there may be
interference with the circula-
tion. The only exception to
this rule is elastic adhesive
bandage.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

IF I must leave something cooking
and go to some other part of
the house to work, I set the alarm-
clock for the time I should return
to the kitchen and look after the
food. This precaution has saved
me many a burned dish.

LARGE nail-holes can be neatly
filled with a mixture of fine
sawdust and glue, poured in hot.
When quite hard the surface should
be rubbed down with fine (or partly
worn) sandpaper.

SMOOTHLY running drawers:
With a piece of broken glass
scrape the edges of any drawer
which sticks and is awkward to pull
open, then rub the trimmed parts
with a piece of hard soap or candle
wax.

TO stiffen organdie curtains, add
starch to final rinsing tub and
let the curtains soak for a while.
Dry slightly and iron in usual way.



INSTEAD of miscellaneous col-
lection of rags for dusters, have
six or so of the hemmed ones of
varying sizes. To keep fresh, al-
ways wash them after use.

A SUIT or coat which has become
shiny can be improved by
brushing with a solution of warm
water and ammonia. Use small tea-
spoon of ammonia to pint of water.

Fingertips aglow
with the lustre of Pearls



Setting a new fingertip

fashion of intriguing beauty

... the smooth, delicate, incandescent
beauty of Pearls ... instantly eye-
catching and yet so subtle and
discreet. In three shades —

White Pearl, Pink Pearl and Blue Pearl.

Corinne
PEARL NAIL ENAMEL

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND DEPARTMENT STORES

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RELIEF! marred by spots, rashes and pimples is quickly cleared by Cuticura Ointment. It assures skin health. Always keep a tin of Cuticura Ointment in the house. Good for cuts, bruises and sores. One of the famous trio: Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder. 533

Cuticura
OINTMENT

DRINK HABIT DESTROYED

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? EUCRASY has changed homes from misery and want to happiness again. Established 33 years, it destroys all desire for Alcohol. Harmless, tasteless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily.

SEND 20/- FULL TWENTY DAYS' COURSE.

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297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS AND ACIDS

Your kidneys are a marvelous structure. Within them are 8 million tiny tubes which act as filters for the blood. When poisons and acids attack them you suffer from interrupted sleep, leg pains, dizziness, rheumatism, lumbago, nervousness, circles under eyes, swollen ankles, etc. Ordinary medicines can't do much good. Cystex rids kidneys of poisons and acids in 3 hours, therefore a speedy end to kidney discomforts. In 24 hours you'll feel better, stronger than for years. Cystex is guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. The Guarantee protects you. New in 3 sizes: 4/-, 8/-, 12/-.

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NEVER SAY "DYE," SAY

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES
COTTON SILK WOOL RAYON
LINEN AND MIXED GOODS



HERE is the dual-brush technique in action; each time the hair is laundered it is brush-dried, as described below, invigorating the roots, stimulating the growth, and bringing out those pretty highlights.

Summer-proofed hair

● In the important business of being attractive, the hair is one of the biggest factors.

HERE is nothing that makes your little world react to your charms more than bright lively hair that shimmers in the sun.

The sun, of course, is a marvelous tonic for the hair—up to a point, but like any other medicine it must be administered according to requirements, and in measured doses.

The ideal is to get sufficient warmth and stimulation from the sun to tone up the scalp and burnish the color, but it is often hard to assess the amount. As little as a week of hot sunshine may bleach out the color, make the hair coarse in texture as well as brittle, and difficult to do up.

Hair produces no protective pigment such as the defence mechanism set up by the skin; it gives up its oils, its moisture, and bright pigment as long as they last, but when the supply is drained there is nothing automatically to take its place.

Such an important glamor item rates the same protection we give our skins. A sun-proof oil alone, sprayed on the hair lightly with an atomiser for outdoor appearances, does a sturdy job of protection.

Among the girls who constantly go down to the sea to swim, not merely to be admired, I find there is usually a definite plan for keeping the hair fine as corn silk.

Keeping salt water away from the hair as much as possible is, of course, an elementary trick, but a firmly fitted cap, sometimes with an added piece of chamomile round the hairline, is generally regarded as a necessary accessory to summer's fun.

After the swim comes comparative brief sunning of the hair—just the time it takes to dry out any damp spots, to shake the hair freely in the breeze for a bit, and then to fan it out for its quota of ultra-violet. Because in the season these girls swim at least once a day, they usually like to shampoo their own hair at weekly intervals, or even less, and the weekly warm oil treatment is regarded as sunproof insurance unequalled.

There are several efficient variations of the treatment. Here is one: Put three tablespoonfuls of castor oil (or olive oil) in a cup and stand it in the lidless top of a kettle of boiling water. When the oil is hot, dip a cotton-wool pad into the oil and apply it along the entire length of a previously combed parting. Make another part a half-inch away, and again apply the oil. Continue until the entire scalp has been covered.

Don't just dab the oil on, rub it in well each time, and, to ensure complete coverage, massage the scalp thoroughly with a rotary motion, using the finger-tips.

Now take a towel, saturate it with hot water, and, while holding the head over a wash-basin, twist the steaming towel round the hair, squeezing it to force the vapor to the scalp. Repeat several times, then tie the head in a dry towel, and leave for an hour or two.

Then shampoo. It will be necessary to give it as many as three separate liquid soaps, and rinse thoroughly each time because the oil is difficult to wash out.

Where the oil can be left on the hair overnight all the better, but make sure of wearing headgear that will stay put during sleep or the bed-linen will suffer.

Beach hats, scarves, snoods, and peasant kerchiefs all have their place as additional protection against over exposure.

This reminds me of Alice Marble's quite famous trick of putting a crisp cabbage leaf under her hat while playing tennis in the heat to help preserve moisture. The idea is still good, though hardly one for the beach, perhaps.

Additional proofing comes with the use of a good pomade regularly applied to the scalp with a lifting grasp of the finger-tips and to the hair ends between the palms.

Putting waves to bed at night moistened with brilliantine instead of water. Spraying freely on the ends that are twisted into curls and pinned to the scalp, too.

Setting with a cream fixative also does its bit in making up for the oils drawn off by the sun.

And in the summertime particularly, drying the hair by hand, flourishing a towel across its strands as you would polish an apple, will leave it healthy and fluffy, and greatly benefit the scalp; otherwise it will pay to be patient and have it dried with a tempered hand-blower or medium hot drier.

Urging anyone to use a brush may be a tiresome reminder, but the brush-dry method is a wonderful summer substitute for the drier-and-plus technique for those with shortish hair that is correctly shaped and retains a certain amount of perm.

The hair is partially towel-dried, and the remaining moisture dispersed with slow, swirling strokes of the brush (two brushes if you are dextrous), which will leave the hair soft, shining, and easy to style.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR VELVET SOAP

"NOT A BREAK IN THESE 35-YEAR-OLD TOWELS"

says Aunt Jenny

A BIG SMILE FROM MRS. A. SIMPSON,
91 SAMUEL ST., ST. PETERS, N.S.W.,
AS SHE TELLS US HER VELVET SUCCESS STORY



"I MUST SHOW YOU these towels, Aunt Jenny," says Mrs. Simpson. "You'd never think they were 35 years old. I had them in my glory box when I married in 1912. Is it any wonder that I've never used any other soap but Velvet, or Mother before me!"



"AND THESE PILLOW SHAMS—I've had them for 33 years, thanks to Velvet," continues Mrs. Simpson. "And besides all the other wear they've had, I've used them as cot and pram covers for my own three children. Yes, and for 12 months on my little grandson's bed."

MRS SIMPSON HAS PROVED THE WORTH OF VELVET SOAP TO BUSY HOUSEWIVES SO TAKE HER TIP! DON'T RUB AND SCRUB YOUR LINENS THIN! IF YOU USE SOAPS THAT YOU MAY HAVE TO RUB... BUT

WHEN YOU USE VELVET, EVEN GROUND-IN GRIME COMES AWAY EASILY—SAFELY. ITS EXTRA-SOAPY SUDS MAKE LINENS LAST FOR YEARS AND YEARS.

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Wash in every morning, Mon. to Thurs.
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Dr. Newell's Eye Drops are prepared to the formula of a leading eye specialist and are just as safe and effective for children's eyes as for adults.

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3/6 Per bottle complete with eye dropper.

D'Newell's
EYE DROPS



Lunchbox Parade

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

Pictured on this page are the makings of an appetising packed lunch—cheese loaf, wholemeal fruit loaf, wholemeal sandwich bread, fruit, milk, and sandwich fillings.

SCHOOL holidays are over, so filling a lunch-box for the school-child is again an important daily task. The five-year-olds are, for the first time, departing from the usual routine of mid-day dinner at home. It is therefore important that the lunch contains foods of equal nutritive value to the home-cooked dinner.

The Oslo lunch, now provided by many school tuckshops, is scientifically balanced from the point of view of nutrition.

It is easily and inexpensively prepared at home, and consists of three slices wholemeal bread (real wholemeal, not just a colored imitation), spread with butter and filled with meat, salad vegetables, grated raw carrot, celery, meat, or eggs. An apple, or other piece of fruit, and a bottle of milk complete the lunch.

Quantities may be varied, of course, to meet appetite requirements.

For the older members of the family nut or fruit breads (made with wholemeal flour) could be added. Light cakes or cookies, home-made croquettes of cold meat, fish, vegetables, or eggs are also satisfying.

If sandwich fillings are smooth and creamy butter may be omitted, provided the children have their full daily ration at breakfast or dinner.

Provide a firm, light, easily carried

box for packing, and air it overnight to prevent mustiness.

WHOLEMEAL FRUIT LOAF

Two cups wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 cup white self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon or spice, 1 rind, 1 teaspoon cinnamon or spice, 1 cup mixed fruit, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1 cup treacle.

Sift white flour with salt, soda, cinnamon or spice. Add wholemeal flour, mix well. Rub in shortening, add lemon rind, sugar, and fruit. Mix to a very soft dough with milk and well-greased nut roll or loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 1 to 1 1/2 hours.

CHEESE LOAF

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon powdered milk, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 cup cold water.

Sift flour, salt, and powdered milk. Rub in margarine or butter, add sugar and cheese. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and water. Turn into well-greased nut roll or loaf tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 40 to 45 minutes.

CINNAMON CAKE

Two ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, good pinch grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 scant teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt.

Topping: One tablespoon brown sugar, 1 level teaspoon butter, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add egg, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Turn into greased 7in. cake tin (not sandwich tin), bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake cooler, and while still hot spread with following way: Stir sugar, butter, and egg-yolk over low heat until softened and creamy. Spread quickly and evenly over cake and dust with cinnamon.

SANDWICH FILLINGS

Hard-boiled Eggs and Celery: Three hard-boiled eggs mashed with 1 tablespoon white sauce and 1 teaspoon butter and mixed with 2 tablespoons very finely diced celery and salt will spread 9 or 10 double sandwiches.

Sliced Meat and Grated Carrot: Half-pound thinly sliced meat and 1 cup grated carrot will be sufficient for 9 or 10 double sandwiches.

Savory Cheese: One cup grated cheese mixed to a spreadable paste with a little milk, tomato sauce, and a few drops Worcestershire sauce will spread 9 or 10 double sandwiches.

Brains or Rabbit with Celery: Two sets diced cooked brains or 1 cup finely

diced cooked rabbit meat combined with 1 cup thick white sauce and 2 tablespoons finely diced celery will spread 7 or 8 double sandwiches.

Date and Nut: One

cup finely chopped dates and 1 cup chopped nuts moistened with a squeeze of lemon juice and a little honey will spread 9 or 10 double sandwiches.

Scrambled Egg and Corn: For 6 or 7 double sandwiches place 2 beaten eggs in a saucepan with 1 tablespoon milk, salt, nut of butter. Stir over low heat until thickened. Fold in 1 cup drained sweet corn and (if liked) a little diced ham or cooked bacon. Allow to become quite cold before using.

ORANGE BRAN COOKIES

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon finely minced candied orange peel, 2 tablespoons fine bran soaked in 2 tablespoons milk, 2oz. wholemeal self-raising flour, 2oz. plain white flour, pinch salt.

Cream shortening, sugar, and orange rind. Add egg, shredded peel, and soaked bran. Fold in wholemeal flour and sifted plain flour and salt, making a stiff drop consistency. Place a teaspoonful at a time on to greased tray, bake 10 to 15 minutes in moderate oven (375deg. F.). Allow to cool on tray.

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care
of it!

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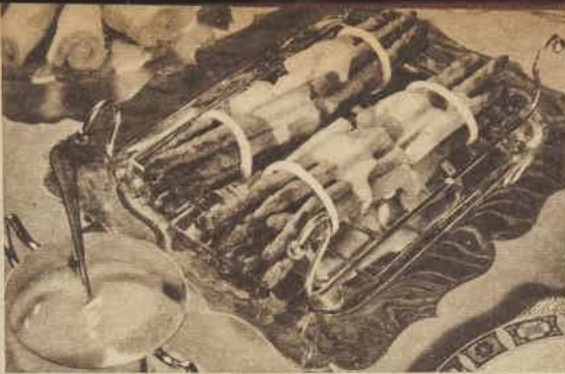
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Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

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cloth

The Australian Women's Weekly—January 31, 1948



ASPARAGUS in onion rings is served with bread rolls and mock hollandaise sauce. To make sauce add 1 egg-yolk and good squeeze of lemon juice to 1 pint white sauce. Pour over before serving.

Readers' recipes . . .

Prize breakfast dish

HERE'S still another way to serve eggs! Fluffy egg-ramekins which make a fine breakfast dish win first prize in this week's recipe contest.

Now that the New Year is well under way what about sending in your favorite recipes? You'll not only share them with other readers, but you may win a cash prize.

FLUFFY EGG-RAMEKINS

One dessertspoon fat, 2 tablespoons finely diced onion, 2 tablespoons diced red or green pepper, 2 cups crushed breakfast cereal, 4 eggs, salt and pepper.

Fry onion and red or green pepper in hot fat till soft, but not brown. Drain, combine with cereal, and divide mixture into four. Fill into four greased ramekin dishes. Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Beat whites stiffly and pile on top of cereal, making a well in centre of each. Slip whole egg-yolk into centre of each dish, draw a little egg-white over it. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes, or until yolks are set. Serve immediately garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. E. Stone, "Pallamara," Elgin St., Gordon, N.S.W.

STUFFED PEACHES

Six large peaches, 1 cup cake-crumbs, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon chopped peel, 1 dessertspoon seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon peach syrup.

Peel, halve, and remove stones from peaches. Combine cake-crumbs with sugar, cinnamon, peel, raisins, and moisten with fruit syrup. Fill into peach halves. Skewer together with cocktail sticks. Place in ovenware dish and pour over a syrup made from 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, thin piece of lemon rind, and few drops cochineal. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until peaches are tender. Serve hot with custard or well chilled with ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Newell, 4A Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

COFFEE CREAM PIE

One baked pastry case, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, chopped nuts.

Melt margarine or butter and add flour, stirring well. Cook 1 or 2 minutes without crowding, then add milk and stir until boiling. Remove from heat. Cool slightly. Beat eggs and sugar together, and add to sauce with coffee essence. Allow to cool. Pour into baked pastry case. Sprinkle with chopped nuts. Chill thoroughly before serving topped with ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. J. McIvor, 149 James St., Teneriffe, Brisbane.

SAVORY FISH PIE

One uncooked 7in. pastry case, 1½ to 2 cups cooked flaked fish or 1 large tin fish, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon finely diced celery, 1½ cups white sauce (made from strained fish liquor mixed with milk), good squeeze



TO COOK ASPARAGUS: Before tying into bundle, scrape each stick well after cutting off woody end. Stand in 2 pints boiling water with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, few drops vinegar, keeping tips out of water. Place lid on, cook gently 20 to 25 minutes.

lemon juice, chopped parsley, grated cheese, salt and pepper.

Line bottom of pastry shell with flaked fish and top with onion and celery. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and pour over sauce mixed with lemon juice. Top with grated cheese and bake in moderate-hot oven (400deg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes until pastry is golden brown. Do not allow filling to boil or the lemon juice will cause curdling.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. P. Neilson, 26 Laureate St., Port Pirie West, S.A.

SAVORY ROAST PARSNIPS

Two large thick parsnips, 1 cup cooked minced meat, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, pinch thyme, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 egg, pepper and salt.

Prepare parsnips for cooking and parboil 5 minutes. Cut in halves lengthwise and scoop centre from parsnip. Combine minced meat, onion, thyme, Worcestershire sauce, and beaten egg. Season to taste with pepper and salt. Fill parsnips with mixture. Tie parsnip halves together with string and bake in hot fat in a moderate oven for about 40 minutes. Bake potatoes and pumpkin at the same time. Remove string before serving with brown gravy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. S. Hazel, Coghill St., Kapunda, S.A.

Causes of Colic

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

COLIC or "windy spasm" is a very painful and distressing nursery ailment from which many infants suffer in the early weeks of life.

Baby's restlessness, and obvious pain often cause panic in the mind of the young mother, who is ignorant of the causes of colic and of measures to prevent and relieve it.

A leaflet outlining the common causes and treatment of this and other simple nursery ailments can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Send stamped addressed envelope for copy.

★
He SAID

"That's a lovely frock you're wearing Lois!"

★
But he MEANT

"She should leave the cape on and keep those spotty shoulders under cover!"

Don't let blotchy skin "shoulder" you out of romance. Use

REXONA

MEDICATED SOAP
to clear away skin faults.

Off-shoulder gowns demand satin-smooth skin. So let Rexona, with its special medicament of Cadyl, ease out all those impurities that cause blackheads, pimples and blotches. Regular Rexona care makes skin clear and healthy . . . naturally lovely.



* REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising Oils of Cedar, Cassia, Cloves, Yerbainth, and Borneol Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

★
Baby Drummond's Parents say:

"Baby's hair used to be straight—but after a few applications of Curlypet we were delighted with the change. Baby now has a mass of curls greatly admired. At Baby Shows the judges always remark on his hair."

If far from chemist or store, send postal note or stamps for 3/8 to Curlypet, Box 4125, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Curlypet will reach you by return mail.

One month's treatment. At chemists and stores everywhere.

★
Make Baby's Hair



Grow

Curly

with

Curlypet

Coughing, Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed Quickly

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no atomiser. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free, easy breathing, and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing, but builds up the system to ward off future

attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

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You can't miss with a dish like this!

So appetising... so attractive

Few people, indeed, can resist the temptation of a tastefully displayed, neatly sliced platter of SWIFT LUNCHEON BEEF. There is something so irresistibly appetising and eye-catching about the world-famous product of SWIFT, that any housewife can present such a wholesome meal without hesitation to the family or friends.



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CANNED MEATS
POTTED MEATS
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DRIPPING



Grocer Sam Says **Swift** PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD